CHAMPION
Labor Monthly

Volumes 1 - 2
1936 - 1937

Introduction to the Greenwood reprint by

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Introduction

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Introduction

Champion of Youth, published from 1936 through 1938, was an organ of the Young Communist League during the height of the "Popular Front" period of the Communist movement. The last two issues that were published (Vol. 3, Nos. 9 and 10, in August and September, 1938) carried the name *Champion: Labor Monthly*, but neither content nor orientation was changed.

The political basis for *Champion* and the Popular Front was set forth at the Seventh (and last) Congress of the Communist International. In 1934, as a consequence of Hitler's victory in Germany and the changing relationship of forces among the nations of the world, the Soviet Union undertook a new foreign policy directed at making alliances with the relatively democratic powers of the West against the rising threats of Germany and Japan. In August, 1935, the Seventh Congress of the Comintern was held to formalize the new line and to impose it on all the Communist parties.

The resolution of this Congress on "The Offensive of Fascism and the Tasks of the Communist International in the Fight for the Unity of the Working Class Against Fascism" indicated a departure from the earlier ultra-left Communist line. One clause asserted:

> ,. . . without for a moment giving up their independent work in the sphere of Communist education, organization and mobilization of masses, the Communists, in order to render the road to unity of action easier for the workers, must strive to secure joint action with the Social-Democratic Parties, reformist trade unions and other organizations of the toilers against the class enemies of the proletariat, on the basis of short or long-term agreements. . . .

Champion, a popularly written and presented magazine, was one of the most thorough reflections of this attempt to create the widest possible people's front of liberal Democrats, union leaders, Socialists, and reformers "in the struggle against fascism."

Edited for most of its existence by Morris Schnapper, *Champion* did not acknowledge its Communist sponsorship. It attempted in both format and contents to emulate the popular journals of the period by devoting considerable space to visual material. The illustrations seem rather primitive today, but they are no more so than, for example, the illustrations found in *Liberty* magazine, the Macfadden publication of the same period.

The program of *Champion* was minimal and couched in patriotic American terms. It called for the building of a United Youth League of a vaguely liberal nature, as well as for a Farmer-Labor party. (Governor Floyd B. Olson, the Farmer-Labor governor of Minnesota, wrote an article for the first issue.) *Champion* called for production for use and not for profit, a socialist formulation that was in vogue during the depression years. It also called for racial equality, stating that this was "the American dream." It declared that the drive to war was produced by financial powers such as the House of Morgan. The language of analysis of *Champion* was more Populist than Marxist. Its critique of capitalist society was based more upon the actions of individual men and the institutions they headed than upon the Marxist "laws of motion" of capitalist society.

Champion published articles by a significant cross section of American liberals, although in some instances these writers only had answered a questionnaire. Paul de Kruif, Langston Hughes, Granville Hicks, John L. Lewis, Budd Schulberg, Frances Gorman of the Textile Workers Union, Robert Morse Lovett, Oswald Garrison Villard, Harry Elmer Barnes, Walter White, Mark Starr, and Sinclair Lewis were some of the more prominent names that were featured in the magazine.

Champion also published sports articles written by such people as John R. Tunis and Nat Holman, the City College of New York basketball coach. Muckraking articles were leavened with occasional articles on sex, short stories, and the like. But news of labor struggles and articles by labor leaders were the mainstay of *Champion*.

In the last year of its existence, 1938, the format of *Champion* changed to a more conservative layout featuring less display artwork. A cartoon by William Gropper became a regular feature, but the range of contributors and advisory editors remained the same—a broad spectrum of liberals, leavened by prominent Communists such as Angelo Herndon and Joseph Starobin. A feature called "Ringside" replaced the miscellaneous news items, athough the nature of the material did not change. Spero Galanopulo replaced Morris Schnapper as editor. A page that had been devoted to the Civilian Conservation Corps camps was replaced by a column on Social Security news. In addition, columns on radio and camera appeared. An occasional column named "Miss America" concerned itself with recipes and the news of young women.

The specific aims and policies of the Young Communist League found their way into the paper somewhat obliquely. This was quite different from the Communist practice before the Popular Front. *Champion* had been preceded by the *Young Worker*, published from 1922 to 1936 as an avowed organ of the Young Communist League. It was a harsh, party-line magazine that emphasized class struggle in strident tones. Although the tone of *Champion* was a manifestation of the change in the party line, it did not reflect any change in organizational policies or structure in the Young Communist League. The People's Front policies that the new journal embodied did not imply a lessening of the discipline and rigidity of the Communist movement. They were, rather, intended to make it possible for the YCL to function as a tight-knit group in the broader arena of Popular Front coalitions. For example, in the same period members of the Young Communist League faced expulsion if seen talking to members of Trotskyist youth organizations.

The broad liberalism of the Young Communist League and the editors of *Champion* was rather one-sided and narrow. While politically loose and diffuse and able to appeal to a broad spectrum of even nonradical opinion, it was at the same time organizationally narrow and tied to the Communist movement. Buried in the back of most issues were brief news items about the internal organizational life of the Young Communist League and the Communist party. For example, *Champion* would inform the public of forthcoming conventions of the Young Communist League and other YCL activities. The magazine tried to retain a facade of objectivity by also including reports of other groups, such as the Methodist youth.

This complex relationship of avowedly loose, liberal politics with centralized, tight internal discipline was typical of the approach of the Communist movement in the Popular Front period and, indeed, accounts for much of its strength and impact during the 1930s. Young Communists, like their elders, could function as liberals in liberal organizations and movements by openly sharing liberal politics while gaining control over such groups by tight, disciplined organization.

—Martin Glaberman and George P. Rawick
Detroit and St. Louis, 1969

CHAMPION OF YOUTH

JUNE 1936
5c

GOVERNOR OLSON — HAROLD WARD — JOHN L. LEWIS
JACK CONROY — JAMES WECHSLER — ANGELO HERNDON

INTRODUCING

GENERALLY, welcoming a blessed event calls for a party. We can't run a party for such a large occasion, but we can provide the blessed event. In fact, it's doubly blessed because, in every way, this magazine is the publication of American youth wherever they are. We ask every young person especially to make this paper his or her own in every sense of the word. It belongs to no single group and is therefore intended not for any one group, but for every section of America's young.

WHY this paper? Because this depression generation wants and needs a CHAMPION, one which will treat the problems of young people today. Essentially the CHAMPION will be a spokesman which, with clear and sturdy voice, will analyze our society today and point a determined finger to the way out—towards a new social order which can provide the whole of life for all. On the side of labor to the end, we will expose the attempts to militarize youth, the danger of war, the denial of civil rights, and shall do so in two-fisted fashion without pulling our punches.

BUT don't for a moment think that it's all work and no fun. We're young and naturally have young interests. We hope our pages will be well-humored, sunny and spicy; written in the unmistakable idiom of America—with the tang of the earth and the sea, the mines and the factories, the campus and the cornfield. Always, we'll strive for just that. And we will constantly try to get all that into a wide variety of features, stories, science and sports articles, analyses of serious personal problems, socially important articles, current events, and the really meaningful topics of interest to young people.

THIS issue is an indication of what we're trying to do. But it is only a start. No effort is being spared to secure the best talent we have, the best writers, the best editors. We're working out the kinks in our arms and heads to make the next issue even better. (A hint—Paul de Kruif will be among those present in the July issue, and together with him a battery of big and little stars. Other topnotchers are Congressman Amlie, Francis J. Gorman and Irwin Shaw, author of the great anti-war play, "Bury the Dead.")

HOWEVER, young people edit and write this paper. We've scurried around to get the best young talent we could gather. But that still isn't enough. If this undertaking is to be what it should be, it must be a co-operative venture involving the largest editorial board in the world—the whole young generation. If we don't get into this paper the life experiences of that generation it will be a pretty bloodless affair. And only you can supply those experiences by infusing them from every nook of the land.

SAY your piece, send in your articles, stories, poems, pictures and ideas. Be generous. We want a nation-wide editorial board with a correspondent in every range of the Rockies and in every plantation and factory in the South. Every progressive opinion and idea is welcome. We don't all agree politically, probably, but it is doubtful if we disagree about the need for unifying all those forces which stand for a new and better world. That unity is the most necessary thing in our lives today. This paper should forge and weld such a union of young people into a tremendous youth league, a firmly-banded youth organization non-affiliated politically—a solid and massive front against war and reaction and for a new social order based on production for use, not profit.

A LONG round of applause to every contributor to this issue who went out of his or her way. And thanks to Senator Lynn Frazier, who writes:

"I AM glad to know that a new publication in the interests of our young people is being launched.

"I APPRECIATE the fact that the American youth is becoming more and more interested in economic conditions and in national affairs. They should be interested. There are thousands of unemployed. An adequate social measure must be enacted.

"OUR young people are taking a decided stand against war and against expenditures for preparations for war."

CONGRESSMAN Amlie of Wisconsin, who introduced the American Youth Act into the House of Representatives, backs up Senator Frazier with a warm welcome. "Good luck to you and the CHAMPION," he says. "It is high time that the youth of America should get behind a program designed to give them the equality of opportunity which their forefathers enjoyed."

AN indication of what youth leaders think about such a publication as the CHAMPION may be gathered from what the leader of the Washington Commonwealth Youth Federation, Bill Zeiger, has to say: "The development of a young people's press is a necessary step in forwarding the development of a youth movement worthy of the name. Such a paper should be written in the fresh, clear language of American youth and should appeal to all young men and women regardless of their political thoughts and beliefs. I am for such a paper. I hope it becomes a reality and assure you of my personal support. I think the members of my organization,

the Washington Commonwealth Federation, will welcome this project as a forward step in publicizing the hopes, the aims and aspirations of American youth." Exactly. Now we are a reality.

THE big job ahead is to make the reality more real with every day. There are thousands of organizations which feel the same way about such a reality. But the job of sustaining the project is incumbent on every one of us, on every one of our organizations. Not only is it necessary to write for the CHAMPION, but to spread it, circulate it and place it in the hands of every youth. It would be grand if every organization were to map out a definite program for spreading the paper, popularizing and advertising it extensively throughout the community. Why not make this a project in your organization?

LET the whole world know what the CHAMPION is and what it is doing. Pass the word, shout the news and put it in headlines. But above all, we must have subscriptions on a mass scale. Now, immediately, is the time to plan subscription campaigns. First of all, subscribe yourself. Get every blamed one of your friends to subscribe, get all your friends to do the same. Get after

them at once. After all, it's a co-operative job and needs a million willing hands. Start the snouting (with a subscription blank in one hand and all our advertising material in the other) wherever you are, wherever you go—in the campus, in the mines, in the fields, in your church group, in your office and shop. Has every member of your organization subscribed or been asked to subscribe? ask yourself. And why can't your organization adopt the CHAMPION as its official organ? That's the best show of confidence you can give it.

We Take Our Stand

This magazine is dedicated to the aspirations and interests of the young people of the United States.

Living in the richest country of the world, a nation which could provide abundance for all its citizens, we inherit a tradition of courageous independence from those who have toiled to build the vast productve strength of this land. Our forefathers sought to leave a heritage of freedom, peace and security.

Today that heritage is threatened by a destructive economic crisis, by steady attacks on our liberties, and by the onrush of a new world war. Millions of young Americans have been deprived of the elementary right to earn a living.

The times cry for a Champion of Youth.

The CHAMPION holds that our enemies today are a small clique representing entrenched wealth. They control our economic order in which a handful of men exploit the great body of the people.

We declare that we shall not be a "lost generation."

We stand for a society in which men shall produce for their own use—not for the profits of a handful of rulers.

We stand for a society in which there will be no financial power, no House of Morgan to drive us to war.

We stand for a world in which real human liberty, of which economic security is a prerequisite, shall be realized.

We stand for the equality of Negro and white, of all races and nationalities.

We stand for a society in which every young man and woman will be accorded the fullest educational opportunities.

That is the American dream. Towards its realization this magazine is dedicated. And we will champion the cause of the youth who demand the right to work, who oppose fascism with its destruction of all healthy social and educational values, and strive to promote the great cause of peace.

In every struggle for economic relief, against war preparations, for civil liberty and the democratic rights of the people—we will preserve and strengthen that vision of an America of plenty and peace. Our hands shall be outstretched to our brothers and sisters in every land who share our hopes, who face the same perils and who are confronted by the same enemy.

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"M" STANDS FOR MURDER

How does the United States stand in the war situation today? Is America prepared for the next war? A noted authority reveals the set-up to be placed in motion when war is declared

By HAROLD WARD

Illustrated By Ned Hilton

"M-DAY" is not the symbol for Memorial Day, when the War Department joins the rest of the country in honoring the dead. On the contrary, it is the climax to the design on the living—the day set aside for the first mobilization for war. In June, 1920, the National Defense Act (originally a part of the 1916 Preparedness program) was strengthened to give the War Department an absolute right of way over both the industrial machinery and man-power of the nation. A year later Mr. Benjamin Strong, Jr. (not an Army man, it is worth noting, but a prominent New York banker) was telling the young militarists of the War College that

"preparation for war by this country can be made more effective by the preparation of plans for organizing for war than by training and maintaining a large army in anticipation of war. By this I mean A WELL-STUDIED PROGRAM OF CONSCRIPTION BASED UPON PAST EXPERIENCE . . . and my particular point is to have the conscription organization perfected, at least on paper, IN TIME OF PEACE AS A WAR PREPARATION of far more importance than is the training of a huge army." (Emphasis mine—H. W.)

Thereafter, for ten years of quiet but exceedingly thorough and intensive labors the Planning Division of the War Department worked at the blueprints whose sole purpose is to transform the entire country into an armed camp from the moment a certain code signal goes over the wires from G.H.Q.

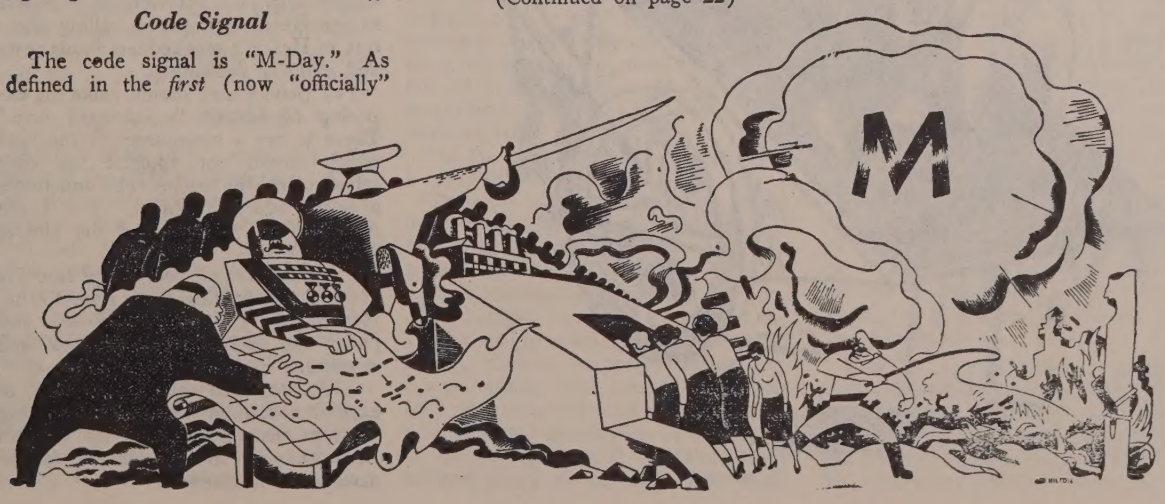
Code Signal

The code signal is "M-Day." As defined in the *first* (now "officially" superseded) edition of the famous Industrial Mobilization Plan, issued in 1931, this is "the date designated in War Department orders as the first day of mobilization." Locked up within this terse signal (chosen by Rose M. Stein as the title of her recent, and very timely book on the subject of America's war plans) is the fate, not only of the country's entire industrial, commercial and cultural life, but of the millions of young men, women—even children—by whom the next world war will have to be fought, either in the trenches or behind the lines.

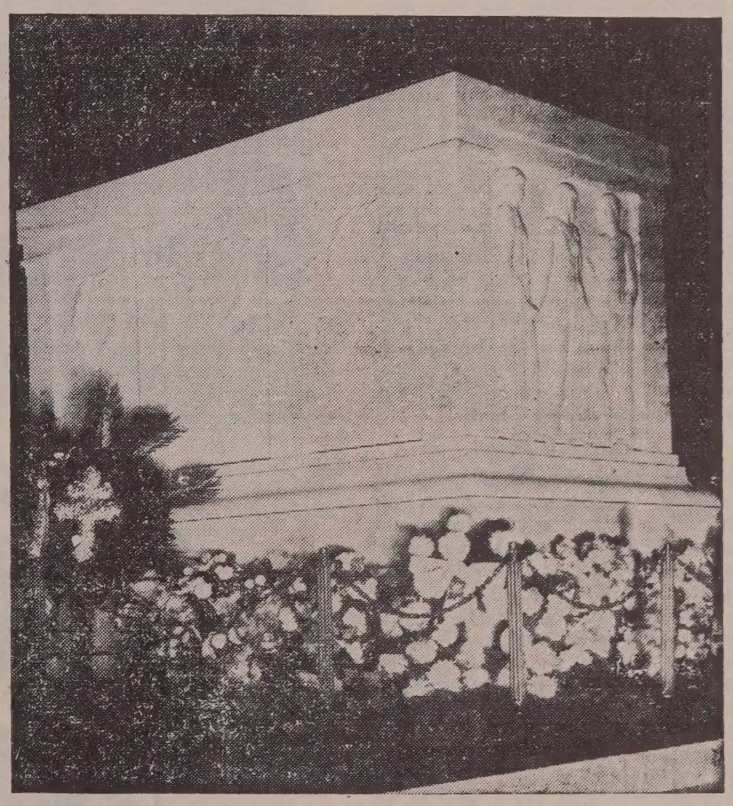
General Douglas MacArthur, former Chief of Staff of the United States Army (now our military autocrat in the Philippines) stated in his testimony before the War Policies Commission in 1931, that the government's war plans "contemplates the mobilization, by successive periods, of six field armies and supporting troops, or approximately 4,000,000 men. This," he adds, "is a force approximately equal to that we had under arms on November 11, 1918."

To obtain this colossal army (which General MacArthur frankly admits "does not envisage any particular enemy") there is to be set up throughout the country a conscription machine consisting of from five to six thousand "local boards" which, under the "selective service" slogan that was so brilliantly successful during the last war, will swiftly build up "a reservoir of 11,000,000 registrants" between the ages of 21 and 30. From this reservoir —and including those "volunteers" from 18 to 21—will come the Class I of

(Continued on page 22)



TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER



WE PLEDGE

Memorial Day is an occasion for the rededication of our energies to the quest for peace. In cities and towns young people will stand forth, challenging the agents of darkness and destruction, to declare: "This war you are preparing is not our war—fight your own battles if fight you must."

But Memorial Day is also a day of false, crocodile tears for the politicians and profiteers. Pausing in their frantic preparation of a new World War, they weep for the dead—who died in vain. The unknown soldier rests in Arlington —and only on this day does he receive ceremony and homage. We pledge that each day of the year shall be a day of Memorial for us—a day on which we pay our tribute to the dead by insuring that another generation shall not die in vain.

THIS U. S. OF OURS

This is the first of a series of jaunts through this, our country ...from farm to factory, from mine-pit to prairie, to see its resources, and points of interest

By ELI PAYNE

FROM Bellows Falls to Hartford a swirling cloud of dusty sand envelopes the backbone of New England. The strong giant river which cuts our land in half broke its bonds this Spring and spewed its sandy bed in a thick coat over the fertile bordering lands, tore sturdy colonial farmhouses from their settings of a hundred and fifty years, and left behind a scene of desolation resembling war-torn battle fields.

The Connecticut is our master. In ages past it deposited fertile level beds of silt on either side of its present course. For generation after generation this valley has been recognized as the market garden of New England. As such the fields have been curried and combed, planted and reaped, by those who know and love good earth. However, New England as we think of it—old native stock, strong in its labor and stern in its convictions—has left for the hills and mountains to the West. Others have gone on to the prairies of the Middle West—in the pioneering spirit of "Go West, young man"—to places that are new and hard.

Came The Flood

In their place have come the peasants of Poland. A frugal industrious lot who till and toil unendingly—man, woman and child. Into their houses came roiling water and over their fields a blanket of sand. Now all seems lost. Yet even in desolation the will to live is strong in spite of abortive efforts to aid. Yes, the will to live is strong. Slowly, with back-breaking efforts, the sand is being wheelbarrowed back to the river. The earth will be plowed; the onions and tobacco, the market gardens and grain fields will be planted this year, save that there will be a delay.

The flood was an incident, a combination of circumstances, something never expected, yet something which will happen again. And every such disaster proves worse than the last.

Yet life goes on in another way, backgrounded against the whole vista of life in New England as we know it. The heritage of our Yankees inspires the fight to keep those traditions which the same Yankees made possible at Lexington and Concord. It is the historical irony that those people who fled here to escape persecution of their religious beliefs must face anew intolerance today. The Congregational church itself, the symbol expressed by the village spire in every New England village, is fighting for the same freedom of belief in the interests of the smaller sects—notably Jehovah's Witnesses whose religious beliefs are condemned and persecuted because they do not permit them to salute the flag. The courts fine the fathers and send their children to reform institutions as truants because they are not at the schools to which they are refused admittance. The D. A. R. rises to the occasion to suggest deportation for these native sons and daughters. At Amherst, it is good to know, a hundred students volunteered to tutor these unlucky kids pending their appeal to the courts.

But that is only one side of New England. Industrial New England is meeting the times, and this section of the country has seen some pitched battles in recent months. Clothing, textile and munitions workers know well the picket lines . The Vermont marble strike is the tradition of New England, 1936 style.

Industry, however, faces setbacks unless an organized front is presented. This seems difficult due to the heavy migration southward of the owners in search of cheaper labor which has taken place during the last ten years. True, a return movement has started, but the horde of skilled operators outnumber by far the possibilities of employment. Having been starving for years, they must make an organized stand for fair wages.

Spring In New England

New England, governed by self-interested politicians, buffeted by nature and man alike, stands at the crossroads. Yet let our people unite and our lives will take on the bright tones of a New England Spring. For spring in England is a joy to anyone who lives through the long winter.

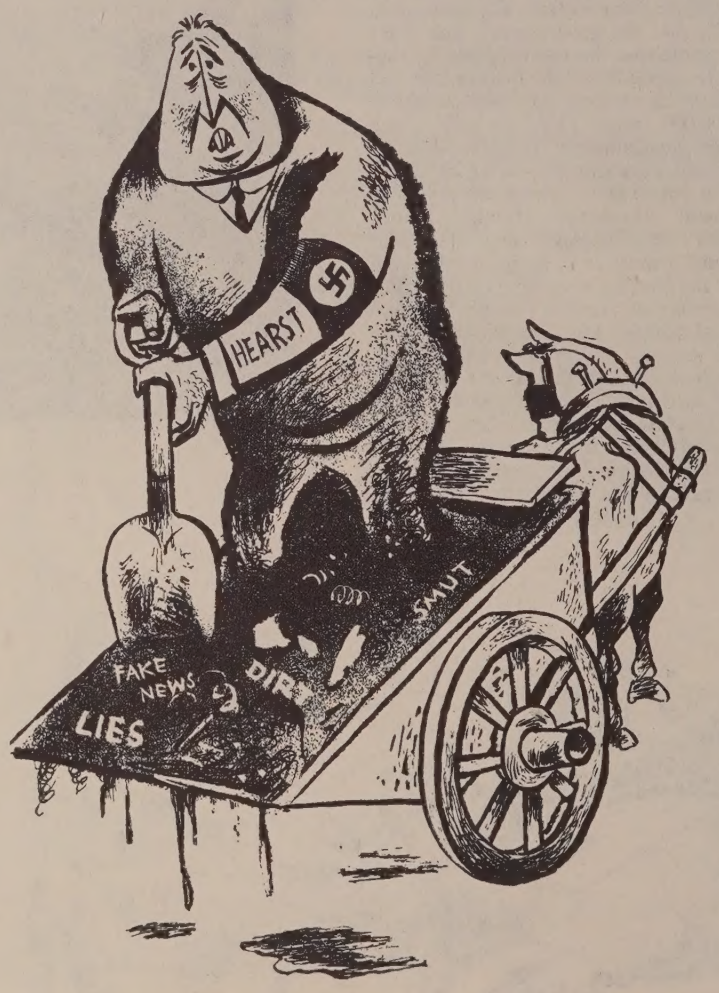
Now the River is back in its course; the peepers are keeping the night alive with their song; leaves garland the stately elms on the highways and the whole earth seems moving, stretching in the warmth of the sun just returned for another summer which will be all too short. Only the factories retain the gray cast of winter.

HOW TO SMASH HEARST

A Professor of Sociology at the University of Wisconsin offers some advice on how to catch public enemy number 1

By PROF. EDWARD A. ROSS

Illustrated By Gropper



HEARST, with his twenty-seven newspapers, his thirteen magazines, his broadcasting stations and his film studios is a greater menace to the lovers of American institutions than any other man in the country. In the last three years it has become evident that he has an understanding with European Fascist leaders and is using his vast publicity apparatus to harry and discredit those who stand up for American democracy.

The time has come to fight back. Every educated person ought to be on the alert with respect to this unscrupulous and ruthless man. His public should be made acquainted with his attempt to inject into our veins the poison of European Fascism. So I make the following practical suggestions:

(1) State committees should be formed to get together data about Hearst, showing his record as newspaper proprietor, editor, property owner and taxpayer. Cuts should be made of the numerous crude and vulgar cartoons which have appeared in his papers. The whole should be incorporated into a small book which should be gotten into the hands of everyone who will take a hand in the fight on Hearst.

(2) In the larger places local anti-Fascist committees should be formed to show up Hearst lies and calumnies until every citizen will be ashamed to be seen with a Hearst paper.

(3) Volunteers with a skillful pen should keep up a contribution of letters to non-Hearst newspapers calling attention to Hearst's crookedness in his news and editorial columns.

(4) School men should make the exposing of Hearst "a labor of love." There is not a community in the land which would not applaud the high school or college teacher who announces a public address entitled, "The Truth About W. R. Hearst and the Hearst Newspapers."

(5) High school and college teachers in social and political fields should bring Hearst papers into the classroom and point out their news twistings and strychnine insinuations.

(6) Clergymen could well afford to expend a sermon on Hearst, showing what a menace he is to the best in American life and particularly to our democratic institutions.

THE DICE ARE LOADED

The Governor of Minnesota describes what is happening to American youth today, and notes with interest the youth movement crystallizing itself out of the unrest. The young are on the march for the right to life---they refuse to be the lost generation. The dice are loaded against them and the game will not be straight until they break away from the two parties and get behind the Farmer-Labor Party

By GOVERNOR FLOYD B. OLSON

IT is becoming increasingly clear that the present generation of young people is beginning to stir as a generation. It has been the common practice to laugh off the idea that a youth movement as a social force could establish itself in America. What was ironic about this attitude was that our young people were organized in countless groups which in themselves are the base for just such a youth movement as is consolidating itself today. The old evasion that such a thing "can't happen here" becomes even more ridiculous in time. There is hardly a youth meeting today of any consequence that is not watched with the greatest of interest by politicians and government leaders. For the young look more realistically about them and take into their own hands their futures and their lives. From the campus to the mine pit and the wheat field, young America is stirring.

Yet what is most encouraging about youth swinging into action is that a goodly section of young people know with determined and calculated vision what they want and they are demanding it. That is natural enough. For this generation of young people, the great dispossessed, are now face to face with the basic question of life itself. The young demand nothing short of the right to live in the best tradition of the American standard which they were taught to achieve. And if America today cannot meet the needs of the young, then the young must make America supply those wants. You can't rob youth of hope and opportunity, for when you do, you deny life to youth and the world dies.

Depression Children

In every sense of the word this generation is the child of depression. Certain strata of this generation have known nothing else but depression and have had none of the opportunities which are the inalienable rights of young people. Education, work, recreation, marriage, have been denied to thousands upon thousands of these young. A tremendous section has grown up without any work experience of any kind, without social experience of any kind; those with education and training have had no opportunity for using that training which now becomes wasteful.

A singular aspect of this depression is the tragedy which surrounds our young and cuts them off from every avenue of living. The destructive effect of the depression upon the morale of our youth is gruesome to see. Psychologists and teachers know best that the plight of youth is not exaggerated, and know even better what damage is being done to the morale and health of every type of young person. It is unavoidable to see that the chief victim of the present heartless uncontrolled capitalistic order is youth.

Without Opportunity

Looking over the boys and girls who are now in school and those who have been graduated from our schools and colleges only to find themselves in an economic world which has no place for them, there comes to mind the famous line of a mid-Victorian play—"In the bright lexicon of youth, there is no such word as fail."

"In the bright lexicon of youth, there is no such word as fail."

That may have been true when it was written—and for some time thereafter—but no honest writer would compose a similar line today. It is true that an age of continually expanding markets, of a changing frontier, of practical invention and pioneering and material discovery, made a temporary opportunity for the young. But even that age was built on a foundation of social injustice and distorted distribution of the fruits of labor. The very conditions that allowed youth an opportunity to work and live gave entrenched interests the title to the source of all wealth, and ultimately caused the breakdown of the system we are witnessing today.

In that age a whirlwind was sown, and in the reaping the word "fail" has been added in full measure to the lexicon of youth—a lexicon no longer bright, but torn and tattered until today it contains little save the idea of failure, of pessimism, of discouragement and despair.

But young folks of today fail not because of themselves but because there simply is no opportunity for them in a world torn with unchecked unemployment, and with the danger of war and reaction. The game today is fixed; the dice are loaded. The door is shut in the face of the very young people upon whom the future welfare of our country depends. The system is robbing youth of initiative and giving it not the liberty of a free person, but the liberty of a bum. The panorama of America is the picture of youth from the lumber camps and the relief rolls, from the sharecroppers' hut and the classroom; from the farms and the shops; from the roads and industrial centers, all being welded into a unity based on their common and universal need for life itself. That is expressed mainly in Youth's program for itself—The American Youth Act.

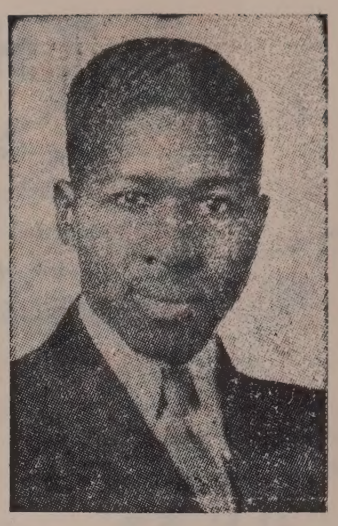
Experts have no accurate figures on unemployment and youth. A good deal of confusion is found everywhere. There are about 21,000,000 youths in this country between the ages of 16 and 25. After we subtract those in high school and collages, CCC camps and at work in city and on the farm, we find twelve to fifteen million in idleness. The lowest figures show at least seven million without work or attendance at school; the highest show sixteen million and include those young people on relief, in CCC camps and those getting federal aid. And every year that the depression continues the outlook becomes darker, since this generation is not being absorbed into work the while the young forces in the rear continue to grow and overlap into this army of the disinherited.

Our Heritage

It has always been our heritage to exercise political rights, political action with which to obtain a better order. Youth today has nothing to hope for by aligning itself with either of the older parties. Fundamentally, there is no difference between them because both believe in the present order, both uphold and defend it. Must the system remain unmodified and throttle human wants or must we modify the system to meet the requirements of life for the people? Are we to follow leaders who have brought nothing but defeat and despair to their followers? Or are we to make the world provide security and peace? The young, more than any others, must answer that and answer vigorously. If unrestrained, our industrial and financial leaders, in their pursuit of profits, will embroil us in a foreign war in which our young men will be the cannon fodder.

It is the imperative duty of youth to arise and protest so that this shall not come to pass. Youth hasn't a single thing to gain by remaining with the old political groups. They talk about American institutions, but the institutions they mean are not those of free speech, free assembly, equality of opportunity and peace and security—they refer to the institutions of Rockefeller, Mellon, Standard Oil, U. S. Steel. Never was the moment more historic, more opportune for youth to take hold of its life with two strong hands and to make the palsied social and economic structure into a better and finer order. And youth must meet that moment, make it its own if life itself is to progress.

NEGRO YOUTH ACTS



The Chairman of the Youth Section of the National Negro Congress has some first-hand information to offer about Negro youth. His article is based on his testimony submitted before the Senate Committee hearings on the American Youth Act

By EDWARD E. STRONG

Illustrated By Florence Mack

IT isn't enough to describe the tragedy that is eating into young people today—the tragedy of unemployment, blasted hopes and futureless futures. Figures and charts sometimes serve to describe and inform, but they seldom tell the real story, the human story hidden behind these figures. To experience in every detail the despair that overcomes young people is to know it from the ground up. And since such experience is almost the universal one in the life of our generation it is the young who have the special and most adequate understanding of what is happening to them. Talk about soil erosion. Better still, talk about youth erosion.

Yet if all that holds true for a good portion of America's young, some of them—a very large section—have a double burden to bear. No other part of the American population has tasted so completely of the bitterness of depression; no other group has had more tragic experience than Negro boys and girls. "Prosperity" is just a depression for the Negro, at any rate. Depression is just double trouble.

Living Testimony

Here too the figures tell the story. But more important, life and living tell a more eloquent story of the hardships inflicted on young Negroes, the sons and daughters of fathers and mothers who have never risen above oppression. It is common knowledge that in many cities of the country, including New York and Chicago, between 60 and 80% of the Negro population is unemployed; that four million Negroes are on the relief rolls; that about a half million young Negroes are on relief. All true enough and yet half the story. Behind the figures is the living testimony. Each figure on paper represents a living person, a personality wrestling fiercely against odds stacked up against him from the beginning.

There is no counting those of us who cannot get to school and those who must leave school once they have started. Training for jobs is out of the question because there are neither jobs nor training to be had. And what Negro doesn't know how hard it is to get a job, any job, despite his training—if he can get that—because he is a Negro? This is the ordinary plight of Negro youth in large centers. Imagine what it is like for the Southern Negro boy or girl.

The Cold Facts

To take a look into specific conditions, particularly in Chicago which is certainly representative of the problems facing Negro young people in metropolitan areas throughout the country. A look in at youth and its problems discloses the cold facts—facts of situation. It is the common practice for Negro youth to work either in private employment or in domestic service for $3 or $4 per week for 10 and 12 hours of daily work. The thousands of girls who constantly haunt the large bakeries waiting hopefully for a job to break, know the rigid requirements that must be met even before looking for such a job. It's all very simple. You must be out of school, you must have no connections with any organization, you must look and behave like a very inactive, "safe" kind of person. In short, nothing about you must threaten to interfere with the sale of bigger and better buns and bread and bigger and better exploitation of you and your life—that is, if you get the job.

It isn't a bit accidental that Chicago's Negro high school, Wendel Philips, is the only school in the city with a double shift so that one group of youth goes to school in the morning and another in the afternoon. If you meet one student in the morning and ask him why he isn't at school he will tell you that he attends in the afternoon, and if you meet him in the afternoon he will tell you he attends in the morning. Not in thirty years has Chicago's South Side had a new grammar school. In the Negro community on the West Side, the last grammar school was built in 1873—in the immediate post-Civil War period. And help for the Negro student? There are about 2,500,000 Negro students in 18 Southern states. 14,000 of them get help. In New York's famous Harlem fully 80 percent of the Negro citizenry is out of work. 45,000 young Negroes need government help immediately—a conservative figure. Yet the National Youth Administration has provided part-time employment for only 300 Negro boys and girls throughout New York City.

Yet Negro young people are not only aware of their plight, but are thinking and doing things about that situation in ever-increasing numbers. One of the greatest steps forward in this direction was the formation of the National Negro Congress early this year. It would indeed be difficult to draw a cross-section of the young Negroes attending this congress; all told, a composite picture would be a full and intensely varied insight into Negro life.

Youth Moves Forward

Mary, to take a single case—that of a student—shows clearly the motives that prompted Negro youth to attend the Congress in Chicago. A student recently graduated from high school with honors, it was her chief desire to complete her education at college. But how far can a Negro girl whose family is on relief go in that direction? Going to school, as it was, demanded the severest of sacrifices. In every sense of the word, Mary is one of the millions—one of the countless of lives overlooked and forgotten. The N. Y. A. brought short-lived hopes for this girl. Something of a help, it was hardly enough to alleviate the whole problem of maintenance which is insurmountable for her, and Mary is beginning to question and wonder—just as millions of young people in the same predicament are scratching their heads in wonderment and shaking their hands in unity as the predicament looms before them.

The whole problem is too immediate to admit of any dilly-dallying. Only the immediate practical solution of the problem can in some way undo the tragedy of despair that is eating away at the lives of a whole generation. If America's young people do not get the American Youth Act, there is no telling what the toll will be. Regardless of the cost, no sum can be too great to aid in solving the life-and-death problems of youth in this country. And that goes double for Negro youth.

CEMENT KING

First part of a short story by the author of the "Disinherited" and A World to Win"

By JACK CONROY

Illustrated by Dixon

AT this time of year, when it's warm enough to grab a handfull of box cars and sleep out at night, I always think of the slaughterhouse job, and try not to think of the Cement King. But I can't forget him as I saw him last. This is the time of the year when a young fellow gets to thinking there *might* be a job somewhere, when staying in the same old place, living on oleo, potatoes and beans—if lucky—gets to be more than a young man can bear. It is not right for a young man to lose his hope that there's a job waiting somewhere if he has the pluck to hop a freight train and go seeking it. The world is good and green, the sun is bright, the winds soft as the lips of a girl and tender as the whispered voice of a first lover. It is good to be out and moving, trying, at least, to scrape off the slow rot of waiting for something that will surely never happen if one stands still, idly cursing the slow hours, days, and years.

And when I think of the slaughterhouse job and—unwillingly—the Cement King, a sack of cement lies on my mind like a limp and unbearable weight. I never want to look a sack of cement in the face after working on that job. There's nothing on this green earth more of a dead weight than a bag of cement. No matter *how* you try to carry it, it gets the better of you quicker than anything else. It's like packing a roly-poly dead man except that you can get better handholds on a dead man. When you tote a railroad tie, it seems as though it has a life all its own and tries to help; it doesn't just give up and press down and lie limp on your shoulder. The heaviest load of brick in a wheelbarrow will sort of balance itself and the load'll bowl along once you get it a-rolling, but a barrow full of cement will jerk your arms from their sockets and make your legs wabble like a drunk's.

I'd never have been working on the slaughterhouse building so far from my home if I could have found anything to do in our little town. Time was when I worked on the railroad section gang in the summer, but this summer they got out the story that the yard-master himself was going to swing a spike maul and tamp gravel under the bilstering sun. The weeds and sunflowers were never mowed along the right of way, and dewberry vines began to climb the ties and even onto the rails. Only the wheels crushing the tendrils kept them back. A whole bunch of fellows that had worked in the railroad shops or the shoe factory were idle, and they cleared out in all directions, some of them going as far as Detroit or Cleveland.

I was lucky enough to find the slaughterhouse job. I had been riding the freights for five days, and I was dizzy, hungry and getting a little sick of roaming—about to give up and sneak back home like a whipped pup. The freight train pulled right by the place, where teams were dragging fresno scrapers, the drivers shouting, shovels ringing against gravel, a bustle that meant jobs were there if one might be lucky enough to land one. I knew by the piles of raw earth and the many holes in the ground that something big was going up here. I jumped down, and the foreman, a fellow the hands nicknamed Highpockets, hired me as quick as you could say Jack Robinson with your mouth open and your tongue moving.

I often said that I got right in on the ground floor, for the first foundation holes were just being dug, and the basement was nothing more than a skinned-off patch on the sod.

I could eat on a wage of fifteen cents an hour, but I couldn't sleep any other place than under the stars or in one of the sheds. But the sheds were ordinarily crowded with hands who held seniority over me. I found that a sand pile is not a bad couch when you're so weary you could sleep on a bed of spikes like a Hindu penitent. Digging in the earth and playing a banjo (i. e., wielding a shovel) make one less finicky than the blue-blooded princess who could feel a tiny pea through all those soft mattresses. The cool sand could be shaped to the hollow of my aching back. I helped tie the reinforcing steel, pricking my fingers with the sharp little wires till I hated to think of going at it again when I woke up in the morning. I'd lie in the sand pile, easing the ends of my raw fingers with my mouth as long as I could.

My first experience with the cement was when I began to tend the rear end of the concrete mixer, dumping in the cement and shoveling the gravel into the pan that elevated—every few seconds it seemed to me—to feed its contents into the insatiable revolving barrel. The pan was always empty. No sooner had it raised than it slapped back down; I was always eyeing it lest it smack me down like a wet towel. It had knocked more than one man cold. I tore my finger nails off emptying the cement, my hands became red and shiny, the sweat and dust burned my skin from head to foot. The older hands came grinning past me, kidding me till I was sick and tired of the whole thing and pricked my ears wistfully every time I heard a train whistle toot. But I had pretty near starved all the way there; I was too bashful to hit the back doors.

"A short life and a merry one." "A great life if you don't weaken." "All you need is a strong back and a weak mind." "The first hundred years is the hardest; after that you don't mind it." I grew to anticipate something like this every time I spied, from the tail of my eye, one of my fellow workers approaching.

The morning the Cement King came on the job we had a rush order to unload a car of cement. For a week it had rained, and some of the dirt had caved in around the unfilled forms, crushing them together. The unloading was delayed, and demurrage had set in. It was costing Mr. Schultz, the contractor, extra money every hour the car remained on the track. He charged by the siding every few mintes, bellowing: "Get the rag out! Get the rag out! If that car ain't empty come three o'clock, when the switch engine gets here, I'll tie a can to all of you so fast your heads'll swim. I'll make a clean sweep, sure as God made little apples, and hire me a bunch of the biggest and blackest darkies I can find."

Then Highpockets would spring up like a jumping-jack, shouting: "Roll 'em out, bullies! Roll 'em out! Hell and high water! We ain't got all year."

We didn't hurry any faster, for we *couldn't*, and Highpockets knew as well as we that we couldn't keep up a faster pace. He tried to glare sternly at us, but his eyes would waver out of the door and fix on the heat waves shimmering along the tracks. He was the first to spy the Cement King when he poked his head above the doorsill. We saw Highpockets stiffening like a hostile mastiff, and turned to see.

"No use t' fight it, boys! No use t' try t' beat it! I tried that long sence, and it won't quit you—it won't leave you be. You'll taste it in your coffee and dream about it of a night." He was a short,bandy-legged Negro with a wide, amiable grin.

"What you want, Sambo?" asked Highpockets sourly. "We ain't got time t' chew the rag around here." He was a true son of the old South, and he thought the Negroes should never work in the company of white men—not even on a job like the slaughterhouse. Negroes were for waiting on table, shining spittoons, or toiling in the fields with others of their color.

"Wuk! Wuk! I want wuk! Wanta show these bullies how t' git that ceement outen thah. Ceement King, that's me.. That's whut ever'body, white *and* black, called me in Savannah. Jes' a nachel bawn ceement man, that's me."

"Full up, Sambo," said Highpockets, and there was such a silence fell among us that we could hear a peewee bird chirping on a sunflower stalk along the right of way. Highpockets had promised us that he would hire another man to help us if he came along.

"Dawgone! Dawgone!" said the Cement King, his grin fading. "Dawgone!" His head withdrew, and we heard his retreating feet skidding in the gravel.

We looked at one another, seeking a volunteer spokesman to speak out our minds. Highpockets sensed our resentment.

"I said a *man*, boys, not a ape. Ain't you got no more pride than t' wanta labor side by side with a nigger black as a crow? I ain't *never* goin' t' hire one of them mottle-skins, neither, as long as there's ary white man seekin' a job o' work. Now ain't that fair and square?"

We knew better than to voice the protest then. Morosely we puffed and sweated away at the leaden sacks. Then Schultz appeared in the doorway, the Cement King beside him.

"Here's a new hand that 'lows he was born with a sack of cement in each hand. Looks t' me like it *takes* a colored man t' handle this heavy work. Hop up in the car, boy."

Highpockets was furious within, but he had to motion for the Cement King to climb into the car.

"Pour it into him hot and heavy," Highpockets muttered to us. "We'll soon make it too tough for him. You heerd what the boss done said. First thing we know, there won't be a white man left on the job." All that day the Cement King trotted tirelessly back and forth, up and down the gangplank leading into the storage shed. He unloaded more than any two of us, and when the last sack was stacked away, just as the switch engine puffed away, he appeared as fit as a fighting cock.

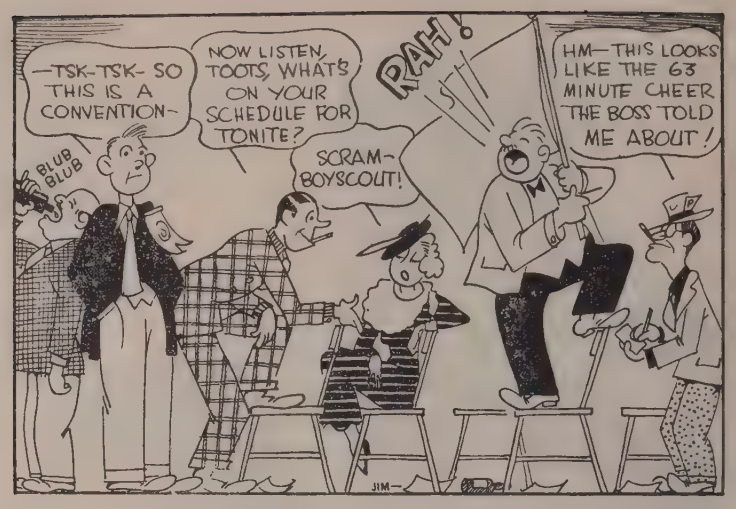
(CONTINUED IN NEXT ISSUE)

—DUM OR —DEE

By

WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN

Illustrated By Segap


—TSK-TSK- SO THIS IS A CONVENTION-
BLUB BLUB
NOW LISTEN, TOOTS, WHAT'S ON YOUR SCHEDULE FOR TONITE?
SCRAM- BOYSCOUT!
RAH!
HM—THIS LOOKS LIKE THE 63 MINUTE CHEER THE BOSS TOLD ME ABOUT!
JIM—

AS I look back upon it, my conversion was accidental. I was sent to military school to become a soldier. And I learned well enough, for I "soldiered" through my first three years in college. Then came 1932—and with it several weeks of political perspiration and chaos at the Chicago Stadium.

I attended both the Republican and Democratic Conventions there, one as an assistant sergeant-at-arms for faithful service to Illinois Republicanism, and the other as a Page for equally faithful service to the Democrats. The politicians who got me these jobs had never heard of me and knew nothing about me.

After the conventions, another bewildered lad and I undertook to record our impressions for a hometown newspaper. Our last paragraph began: **"Just as the caterpillar which, though internally diseased, maintains an external gloss of health, so are the Republican and Democratic parties rotten to the core, their very sides about to collapse in decay."** And then we didn't know what to say next.

We did not remember having heard much about any other political parties, and were somewhat in a quandary until my collaborator had an inspiration. He had read of Norman Thomas somewhere and understood the latter might be running for president. Here was our solution, and we hastily concluded the article with **"Inasmuch as this is the case, all good citizens should this year seriously consider Norman Thomas and the policy of his party."** We thought that this was all over and we would never have to recall it. But it just wasn't that easy.

Important Work

My job at the Republican Convention was to stand alongside the press rail and look important. For this distinguished service I received $5 a day. Early in the proceedings I discovered that my biggest job was taking off and putting on a very impressive badge. When the chairman said, "Sergeants-at-arms will please clear the hall," I took off my badge and put it in my pocket. When an usher came along and said, "What in the hell are you doing here?" I put it on again. All this as I stood alternately beside Will Rogers and James Hagerty of the New York Times.

My first impression of the seriousness of this great occasion was the first day of the convention. They chose to start the show with a long and tedious prayer to arrange a sort of temporary "United Front" between God and the Republicans, with national recovery as the immediate demand. When the distinguished minister got around to such lofty affairs as interstate commerce and the tariff, Will Rogers blurted out loud enough for all around to hear, "Huh, this must be the keynoter prayer."

Pipe Line Suggested

Although prohibition was still nominally in effect, many of the convention delegates continually bathed their insides in alcohol. Out of courtesy to these, the Chicago Stadium could have performed a helpful and economic service by providing pipe lines direct from distilleries in St. Louis and Milwaukee to the convention floor. I remember in this connection that there was one august and paunchy gentleman, who arose periodically and, standing precariously on a flimsy chair, shrieked, "I nominate Huey P. Long," with a sustained pause between the Huey and the P, and the P and the Long.

All that was discussed at the convention no one will ever know. I heard society dowagers discussing political teas; I observed the frantic attempt of a young delegate from Wyoming to make a date with a debutante spectator, which agonized attempt he continued for six days. I sat in a conference room frequented by many of the supposedly more important and influential delegates, where a radio rasped forth news bulletins from the convention between innings of the current Cubs-Giants four-game series. Without rhyme or without reason this performance went on for several days. Nothing was discussed, and no one would have cared or been interested even if anything had been discussed.

So They Cheered

Then came the presidential nominations. This, I was sure, would provoke interesting and important debate and would involve matters of State. On the first day a fellow by the name of Hoover was nominated for president. With the nomination there came a burst of cheering such as I had never heard. The pipe organ in the Stadium blared out "The Sidewalks of New York" for several measures until the organist suddenly realized that this was the wrong convention and switched to "Ioway, Ioway, That's Where the Tall Corn Grows."

I was surprised at this time to see one of the press correspondents near whom I was standing take a sheaf of paper out of his pocket, check some figures, and then write down in his news story, "Upon the nomination of Hoover spontaneous cheering broke out which lasted for 63 minutes." I asked the correspondent what he meant by this, and he gave me a withering glance as though to indicate my complete inability to understand basic political problems. The cheering did last for just 63 minutes— not a minute over or a minute under.

At a number of other times during the course of the convention and the one which followed it the same sort of "spontaneous" cheering broke out, to last exactly for an agreed-upon number of minutes. Governor Rolph of California was among the hardest working cheerers. Each time a round of applause started, he rose and started waving a tremendous red flag with the seal of the State of California. When the cheering subsided, Jim sat down in his chair again and fell asleep, or left the convention hall until he knew it was time to cheer again.

Deciding An Issue

As soon as we took our customary vantage point beside the quarter-mile-long press box, a stir went up in the house when several dozen howling maniacs entered through the back door, carrying tin pails of beer on long poles, huzzahing "Repeal!" "We want jags, not jobs!" "Work is the curse of the drinking man!" And so in this superlogical manner was the question decided, and, after a few stodgy and measly speeches, a vote was taken. Nor shall I forget that one among the stodgy and niggling speakers was Nicholas Murray Butler, for once in the safe company of his intellectual brethren.

In some way, I never shall remember just how, the convention got itself over. And now shall I proceed to tell you about the Democratic National Convention in 1932? Take the drivel I have related above, change a few names, add Roosevelt, and you have it. Nor shall I go on further, for I am suddenly puzzled by something.

I never did figure out through what divine agency those "spontaneous" cheers were made to last exactly 63 minutes.

Science Ltd.

People in glass houses can throw all the stones they want and get away with it—if they own the houses. No damage will be done to the house and it is even possible that the stones will be damaged.

You can now build a house with glass —glass bricks, cornices, columns, ceilings, moldings and glass pipes in the plumbing. And you can have a wood-burning fireplace made entirely out of glass. Several such houses have been built and found practical and comfortable, except that the largest manufacturers monopolizing both the industry and the new patents produce a luxury rather than a cheap and more available product.

The most important factor in modern glass construction is the glass brick, or building block. There are solid bricks, hollow bricks, glass tiles, sheet glass for exteriors and vacuum bricks which can withstand all temperature changes without sweating. These glass bricks are replaceable just like the ordinary brick and can be produced on a large scale. A single such brick stands up under a pressure of 72,500 pounds, and is thoroughly fire and weather-resisting.

The possibilities for new modes of housing are limitless today, but, of course, this new glass housing will not reach the millions of people who have not yet caught up with benefits of normal decent housing. Imagine a glass house with new lighting methods, color effects and diffused lighting variations caused by the variations in the designs of the glass bricks. The window glass —you can have invisible glass if you want—is able to transmit visible and ultra-violet rays and can absorb heat rays to air-condition the room and keep it cool in summer and warm in winter. Glass wool insulates the walls and roof and completes the air-conditioning. Do you think you can get such a house? It's practical and convenient—but the glass magnates own the patents.

CALL TO YOUTH

Youth organizations all over the country are electing their delegates to represent them at the Third American Youth Congress to be held in Cleveland on July 3, 4, 5. Last year July 4 became the day of independance of American Youth. This year that day will mark several gigantic steps forward in that direction

By BERYL GILMAN

STRAINING forward from his large leather chair, a slender boy pointed his finger at the chairman of a Senate Committee, waved aside the Senator's continued attempts at interruption, jockeyed himself out of his seat and exhorted that committee with the ringing summons: "The American Youth Act is a matter of life and death to us."

The young speaker was in command; there was no interrupting him. Backgrounded against the dramatic stillness in the sumptuous Marble Room of the Senate Building, he completed his case and offered in testimony the life experiences of today's generation. A whole social system was on trial and the young were pressing the indictment. But that boy—like the other representatives of some four million people—could march into Washington only as the result of a long series of quick-moving events bound up with the birth and life of the American Youth Congress.

What characterized the parent gathing of the Youth Congress called in the summer of 1934 was the salient fact that some centralized, premeditated attention was being paid to depression-ridden youth on a large scale. But what grew out of this conference was the immediate understanding on the part of the young that they, in common, were capable of deciding what program should and could be designed for them. That sense of united effort has been thriving since. The giant stands completed, still growing, as the consolidation of young people in the foremost united youth front in America today.

United Efforts

This was strikingly borne out and illustrated at the Second American Youth Congress held in Detroit, July 4, 1935, when the administration sent its envoys to the assemblage to ask its approval of the National Youth Administration. That this was done out of regard and respect for this tremendous association of youth was proved by the additional fact that the National Youth Administration was announced by President Roosevelt just one week prior to the Congress. But the representatives of over 1,000,000 young people from every nook of life, from every conceivable type of organization, pooled their interests and boldly, with vision and strength of will spoke out. *"We refuse to be the lost generation." "We have a right to a useful and creative life."* That was the keynote and the symbol of young America on the march for life itself. Burning words, they conveyed burning intentions. America's youth was serving its declaration of intention to live in a world of peace, security, in a world whose traditions and heritage proclaimed that youth deserved nothing less.

The work of this historic gathering, at which the American Youth Act was composed, was climaxed with the hearings on the bill held during March before the Senate Committee on Education and Labor. Youth virtually marched on Washington then. No doubt at all was there in any quarter that the young, consolidated as an entity, were speaking in clear and vibrant voice. For it was apparent that the largest, most-inclusive strata of youth from everywhere and from all over had come to the capitol not to elicit sympathy but to demand its salvation from a workless and empty future.

Honor the Living

Precisely that same demand is given expression again in an altered form. Now, as professional drum-beaters rehearse their antics for Memorial Day, the Youth Congress calls on all youth to honor the dead as the dead would have it. Not for super-patriotism, but to give homage to those fallen in war by declaring: We are the living; we refuse to be the dead. On that day, designated as United Youth Day, a day of peace actions sponsored by the Youth Congress, young people all over the land will take to the streets in parades for peace, civil liberty and their guarantee of that liberty—the passage of the American Youth Act.

Yet not a day will have passed after United Youth Day when the Youth Congress will have been launched on a new undertaking, one unique and original in concept and execution—an Art Exhibition centered about youth in all phases of its activities. Plans have already been completed for the American Youth Exhibit to last for an entire month, from June 1 to July 1, in New York. This cultural and educational project is nothing less than its name suggests. Complete in every detail the exhibition will portray with paintings, etchings, lithographs, photographs, and every other art and graphic medium the story of Youth, 1936.

Culminating all these activities, however, absorbing and bringing them to focus, is the Third American Youth Congress called for July 3, 4 and 5 in Cleveland. Coming as it does now when the status of young people socially and economically is still undefined by the administration in a crucial election year, this Congress is in every way "an emergency session of the congress of our generation." And as never before all eyes will be on this youthful conclave, every step and move of which will be studied as the expression of the voice of youth today. Last year the administration asked youth for approval of the National Youth Administration. This year a generation of youth will again show its strength and ask from the administration approval of the American Youth Act.

Following is the call to the Third American Youth Congress:

To The Organized Youth of America:

On July 4, one year ago, the representatives of more than one million young people gathered at the Second American Youth Congress in Detroit and framed their own Declaration of Rights. In ringing tones, they set forth the aims of the young people of America:

> *"We declare that our generation is rightfully entitled to a useful, creative, and happy life, the guarantees of which are: full educational opportunities, steady employment at adequate wages, security in time of need, civil rights, and peace."*

In pursuance of these aims, the American Youth Congress issued to the people of our country the American Youth Act, the first piece of adequate social youth legislation ever drafted. An instantaneous movement of wide support developed for this Act, bringing more than one thousand representatives of youth, educational and labor organizations to Washington to urge its passage by Congress.

Despite such evident need for immediate action, the elected officials of our people in Washington have seen fit to ignore our pleas. They have refused to take adequate steps toward solving our problems. They have postponed action time and again, leaving our problems to grow and our anguish to deepen.

The young people of America find themselves in an ever more desperate situation. More than five million of them are out of school and out of work. Many of those who have jobs work long hours for low wages, under intolerable conditions. The living standards of youth in rural communities continue to grow worse. War now going on in Africa and the Far East threatens to engulf us in another world conflict. In preparations for such a war, record-breaking military appropriations have been made. The forces of reaction drive us further along the road to fascism. Civil liberties are attacked. Lynching and discrimination against the Negro youth increase. Religious intolerance grows.

We are the America of tomorrow. We must take on our shoulders the gigantic task of helping to solve our countless problems, the problems of young America. Despite our different convictions, we can find a common program of action. We gather strength and power through the unity of our organizations with labor and all other progressive forces in America.

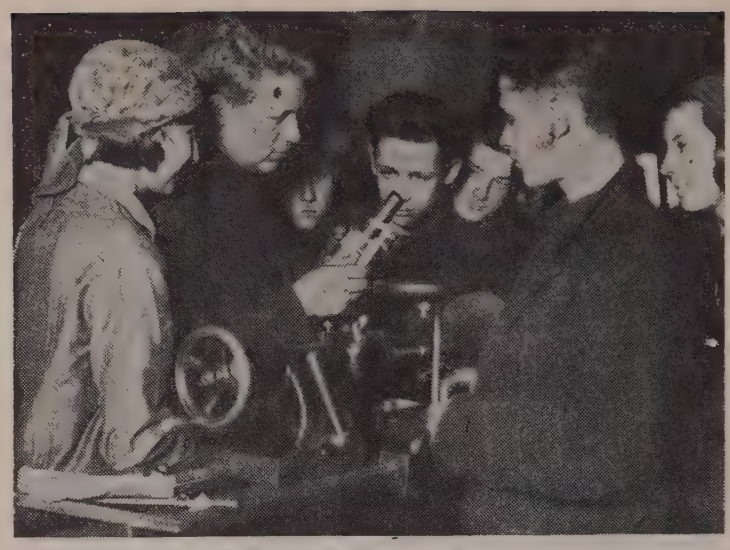
Therefore, WE CALL THE YOUTH ORGANIZATIONS OF AMERICA, in the democratic spirit of our forefathers, to convene in Cleveland, Ohio, July 3, 4, and 5, 1936, *in an emergency session of the congress of our generation,* THE THIRD AMERICAN YOUTH CONGRESS. At this Congress, the representatives of organized youth in America will themselves debate their problems and legislate their solutions and unite to execute them. Our generation must learn to forge its own weapon of congressional power.

To make the Congress successful, the broadest possible representation is imperative. Let every young people's club, church, farm or school organization, Y, community center, trade union, fraternal order, or organization of any type—regardless of creed, color, nationality, or political opinion—be represented, as well as every group with youth membership. *Elect delegates now!* Invite other organizations to do the same. Credentials should be mailed immediately.

WHERE DREAMS COME TRUE

An authoritative description of the young in the Soviet Union, where life is for youth and youth is for life

By Jessica Smith



ASK any group of young people in the Soviet Union what they want to be when they grow up. An eager chorus greets you.

I want to be an aviator . . . I want to be a construction engineer and plan the best kind of houses for our State farms . . . I want to be a doctor . . . I want to be a geologist and find out where all the mineral resources are which we need to build our country . . . I want to be an artist . . . I want to be the president of a collective farm . . . I want to study literature and then write plays . . . I want to study electricity and find new things for it to do . . . I want to go places in the North where no one has ever been before . . . I want to be an aviator, a teacher, a mining engineer, a scientist, a doctor, an explorer, a combine driver, a musician, an inventor, an agronom, a poet. . . .

These "want-to-be's" are not invented. They are taken at random from my notebook where I jotted them down last fall when I visited Soviet schools. I always asked this question of the classes I had a chance to talk to, and it never failed to draw an immediate and animated response. Hands would shoot up all over the room. The young people would answer one right after the other without any hesitation at all.

Know What They Want

I hardly ever ran across a boy or girl who did not have a very definite idea of what he or she wanted to do, and more than that, complete assurance that this desire would come to pass. None of them, ever, said anything about making money or expressed any anxiety about "making a living." None of them ever said anything about "owning a factory," "going into politics," "learning my father's business." They not only knew what they wanted to do, but why they wanted to do that particular thing.

Every school is attached to some producing unit of society—a factory, a farm, a printing plant. While the children learn their regular school subjects they also learn how the food and goods on which they live are produced. They learn the universal laws that underlie all labor processes. If they choose to be engineers or scientists they start with a solid foundation from the beginning. If they choose to be artists or musicians they are encouraged, special courses are arranged for them, their painting and music will be richer because of their understanding of technical processes. Obviously, whatever they choose to be, they will function better as human beings in a world of machinery and power for knowing the laws that govern machinery and power.

Higher education in the Soviet Union draws its vitality from its integral connection with the planned program of socialist construction. The government department in control of each particular branch of the national economy is also in control of education for that branch. Art and science come under the Commissariat for Education. Medical schools come under the Commissariat for Health. Technical schools and colleges come under the Commissariat for Heavy Industry. Mining engineers, for example, are educated under the direction of the mining industry, and so on.

Free Choice

All young people in the USSR have completely free choice to become railroad engineers or explorers or blacksmiths or poets. There is no limit to the need or the opportunities for work in any field. If more workers are needed in one special field at some particular time it follows naturally that more young people choose that line. Why? Because it is their own country, theirs to build and live in and enjoy, all of it, and they are as sensitive to its needs as the leaders of the state.

The members of the Communist Youth organization compete with one another for the chance to do the hardest tasks. A thousand Comsomols have gone to Siberia to work in the gold industry, 1,200 to help build up the industries of the Far East, 1,500 to master the Arctic, 2,000 to exploit the riches of Sakhalin Island, 5,000 went as oilers on the railroads when help was short there, 20,000 went into the lumber camps of the Far North, 36,000 into the mines of the Donbas when there was a crisis in the coal industry.

There are seven million young men and women under 23 working in industry, agriculture and transport, 41 per cent of them women. The Soviet government guards them carefully, sees to their health, their security, their cultural development. The foremost workers in the Stakhanov movement came largely from the ranks of youth.

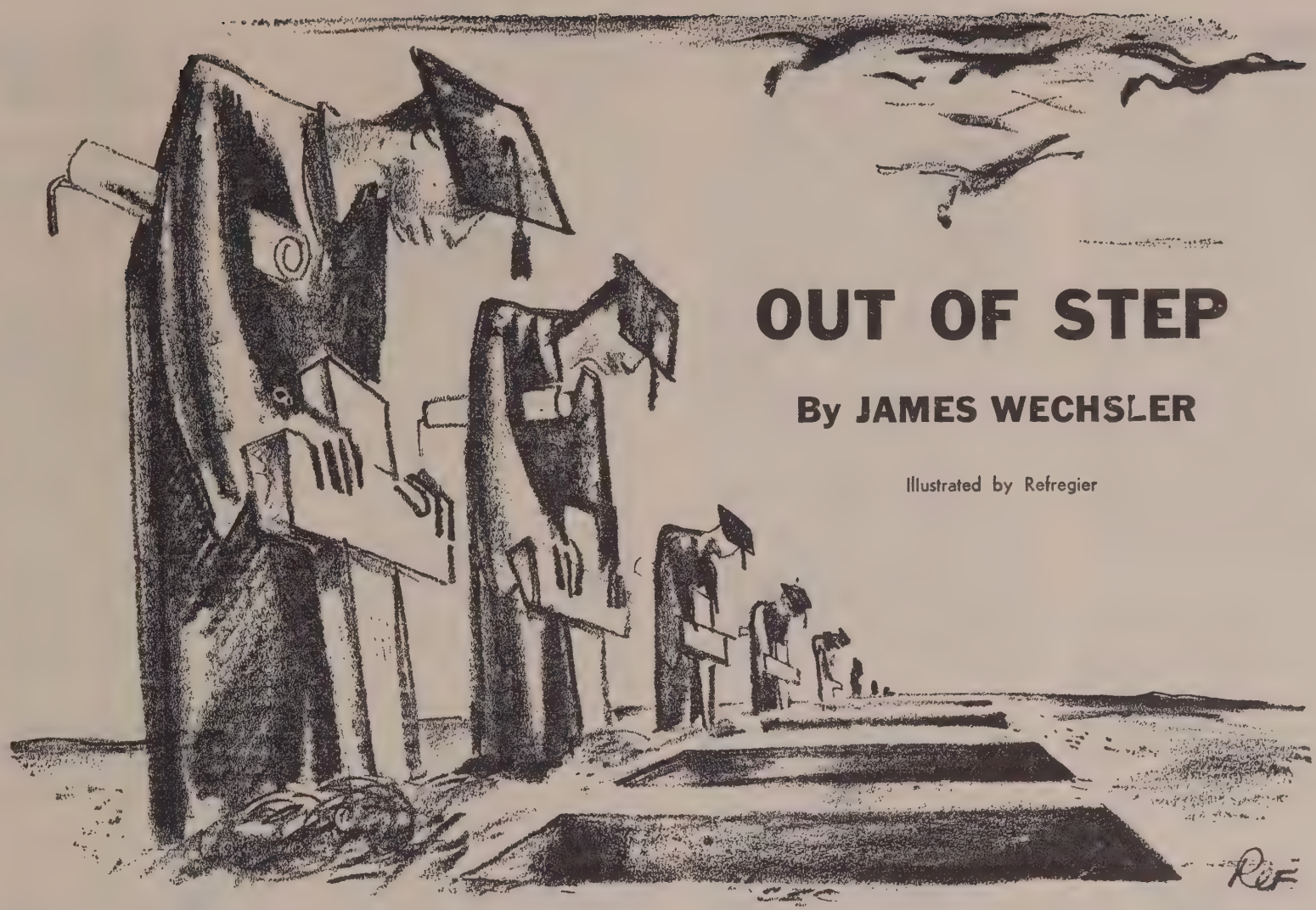
In the United States there are estimated to be from 5,000,000 to 8,000,000 young people between the ages of 16 and 25 wholly unoccupied, neither working nor attending school. In the Soviet Union every able-bodied person of those ages is either studying or working. Last year 200,000 young specialists were graduated from Soviet schools and colleges and they all found work at once. There is not a young person in the Soviet Union who will not only be able to find a job, but the special kind of work he or she wants to do and is trained to do—young men and women alike. Their futures are secure. Their chances to express whatever gifts they have are guaranteed. No one has to go out and "look for a job" in the sense of taking anything that comes along that will solve the problem of daily bread.

Nothing Is Impossible

The world excites young people in the Soviet Union as it excites all youth, all human beings who are not frustrated by the fear of not having the necessities of life, of not having the opportunities to be trained for what they want to do. It is not hard for them to choose from all the rich opportunities the world around them offers. There are no inhibitions of economic insecurity, of parental or social disapproval. Nothing is impossible. There are no limits to human imagination or capacity. It is a world of growth and hope and endless horizons. It is their world, they can do what they want with it, and they know this.

There is so much to be done—ceaseless and endless activity in building a world of peace and abundance for all. Within the borders of the Soviet Union they have full freedom to do this. It is from the rest of the world that they ask freedom to continue to build. For the one cloud on their horizon is the threat of war.

Soviet youth do not consider war glorious and heroic, they hate the idea of war, its destruction, and its criminal waste. They think in international terms. They want the youth of other countries to have the chance they have. They love what they are building because it is their own, and they want to keep on building. The Soviet Union has been a great force for peace from the beginning. It will be an even greater force for peace when it is wholly made up of these young people who have helped to build it and who will not let it be destroyed.



OUT OF STEP

By JAMES WECHSLER

Illustrated by Refregier

THE Unknown Soldiers of Future Wars are already turning over in their graves.

The Profiteers of Future Wars have begun to collect their dividends.

The Propagandists of Future Wars have launched a barrage of "atrocity stories."

The Gold Star Mothers of Future Wars are weeping preliminary tears.

These are the auxiliaries of a movement which, created overnight, has stirred the imagination of millions of Americans They have converted the recent formation of the Veterans of Future Wars into a stunning indictment of that coming war. War is not merely hell; it is dirty, devastating and fruitless. And the half-serious, half-satiric march of the Future Veterans testifies to the cynicism of a generation which refuses to believe that World War is holy.

March Macabre

It is an impressive, macabre march. These are the dead, these are the wounded of a Future War. Their heads may be blown off in another hour; their eyes blinded in some heroic siege; their brains dulled and destroyed by the onrush of poison gas. So they are marching now, while their feet can carry them, while their eyes can see ahead, while they can think and feel and breathe—

It may not be long now.

But this is no premature funeral march It is actually a dramatic gesture for peace. Thousands are falling into line, advancing steadily and rhythmically ahead, except half a dozen fellows from Princeton University: the "national commanders" of the Veterans of Future Wars.

They are out of step with the parade behind them. Or, as they would claim, everyone is out of step except themselves. So ragged and confused is their formation that they may start to run the other way at any moment, leaving their fellows to carry on alone. The "national commanders" don't belong in that line.

The History

This is the story of the rise of the Veterans of Future Wars. Three months after its formation, news reels have carried rolls of pictures of them, "The March of Time" has dramatized their action, the press has bestowed columns of attention upon the young man who conceived the idea, and his intimate clique of leaders.

The "national commander" is Lewis Gorin, Jr., a student at Princeton University. His chief lieutenants are students at the same university. It was the Princeton correspondent for a New York newspaper who first sent word that the Veterans had been mobilized, precipitating the wild flurry of press publicity. All the statements and decisions of the organization were formulated at Princeton.

Shortly after the first announcement broke, I journeyed to Princeton to interview the leaders and explore their project. That was two weeks after its birth. When I arrived there, I found that they had set up offices on Nassau street, main thoroughfare of the college town.

Th outer office was deluged with mail —probably the biggest outpouring of mail since Mrs. Dionne gave birth to quinteplets. Two secretaries were frantically typing. Western Union messengers were arriving and departing with clock-like regularity.

And in the inner office, a bare room with one desk, sat Lewis Gorin—typing. He looked like the most celebrated—and bewildered — young man since Charles Lindbergh returned from his flight to Paris. He was a national hero. He was swamped with tributes. And he was frankly bewildered and thunderstruck.

I talked to Gorin and several others for an hour. Although they declined to be quoted directly, I can give the following picture of the sequence of events, based upon that conversation.

The Leader

The project was originally conceived with only fragmentary, if any, anti-war purpose. Gorin is a conservative Democrat. He is opposed to "government spending." He regards himself, with happy optimism, as a "future taxpayer" who will have to foot the bills. Angered by passage of the soldiers' bonus bill—he calls it the "Veterans' Grab"—he founded the organization to satirize "raids on the treasury." His aides concurred in this view and together they launched what Gorin modestly calls the "greatest publicity stunt since the World War."

It worked—in the beginning. The American Veterans' Association, extreme conservative wing of the Veterans, hailed the movement as an aid in its fight against the bonus. Conservative newspapers greeted the project as a springboard for a satirical attack on all government relief.

Suddenly, however, Gorin discovered that they had created something far different from their original aim. Local posts of the organization were emerging in scores of schools and colleges. Thousands of memberships were pouring in. But almost invariably these posts were using the movement as a technique for debunking war. The stuffed shirts started to denounce the movement as "Red." A Hearst reporter preceded me at Princeton by a few hours in an effort to prove that Moscow was sponsoring the project.

What had begun as an anti-bonus gesture had been transformed into an anti-war procession, expressing the deep fear and resentment of Americans in the face of a new World War. That was more than the "national commanders" had anticipated. That was when they began to get out of step with their followers. That was the origin of their present discomfort and confusion.

About Face

They were confronted with the necessity of formulating a policy more harmonious with the interests of their supporters than the anti-bonus crusade—a crusade reminiscent of the cries of the Tory American Liberty League. They were being pressed for a stand on the student anti-war strike, then only a fortnight away. Many of their local posts were endorsing the strike as a logical accompaniment of their satirical indictment of war.

They were repeatedly asked whether they would support the walkout. The reply:

"We have been warned against any affiliation."

They were urged to speak out against

(Continued on page 18)

DEATH MARCH

"THERE is unrestrained satisfaction in private, and more restrained gratification in public throughout Germany over developments," is the comment of one Berlin correspondent concerning the Italian conquest in Ethiopia. "It is," this New York Times correspondent continues, "in the effect of the Ethiopian collapse on Geneva's dream of collective security that Germans see their great justification."

When the Italian troops marched into Addis Ababa, they were tramping on the very foundations of the system of collective security, of the peace of Europe and the entire world. Great Britain may have her Lake Tana in Ethiopia, but Germany has no spheres of influence or economic interests in Ethiopia. Nevertheless, the jubilation in Nazi circles after the Italian victory, shows that events in Ethiopia have a far greater significance than can be observed merely from the actual scene of battle.

Cheers went up from the conservative benches in the British House of Commons on May 6, when Sir Austin Chamberlain said: "To continue sanctions now is a policy of equal danger and futility." Let us note that the failure of England and France to apply effective measures to bar all war supplies to Italy facilitated the Ethiopian conquest. And yet, Foreign Minister Eden of Great Britain could blithely declare: "we have nothing to reproach ourselves with, nothing to apologize for."

The touching regard which the imperialist powers showed for Mussolini weakened the measures taken against his aggression. And this was so primarily because the labor and people's movement against the war was not united on an international scale.

Would there not have been a different story to tell had Labor banded together throughout the world for joint action against war?

Mussolini Invades Japan Warms Up

Who would now contest the fact that fascism and war are inseparable? The Nazis were encouraged in their move to remilitarize the Rhineland by the failure of the League of Nations to

halt Italian aggression. And just one day after Mussolini announced that "Ethiopia is Italian," a conference of Japanese generals of the army of occupation in China and the general staff in Tokyo, "resulted in an agreement regarding increase of Japanese arms in Manchukuo."

While the conference of the Japanese generals was in session, foreign minister Arita delivered himself of the remark: "Japanese-Soviet relations cannot be said to be altogether felicitous." After a long series of border raids into the territory of Outer Mongolia and Soviet Siberia, the Japanese contribution to the far-Eastern crisis has been further military penetration of China and greater armament on the Soviet border. Strong nerves in the Soviet Union and a peace policy which flows from the fact that the profit system has been abolished in the USSR has thus far prevented the outbreak of the war envisaged by the German-Japanese alliance.

But the Young Organize For Peace

With the atmosphere charged with the same currents as existed in 1914, it is indeed encouraging to announce that a world youth congress for peace has been called for Geneva on August 31-September 7. Initiated by the International Federation of League of Nations Societies, the congress is open to all youth organizations. Explaining the purposes of the congress, the call says that it will aim:

"To provide an opportunity for youth in all countries to exchange ideas on international affairs and to reach agreement upon a common plan of international cooperation for the prevention of war and the organization of peace."

UNIONS

UNMISTAKABLE signs of the spread of progressive policies in the trade union movement were seen at the conventions of the steel and auto unions and in the strike of the seamen in the port of New York.

The automobile union has been forced to climb uphill since it was formed. Nevertheless, at its recent convention a number of significant resolutions were adopted. One was for independent political action, stating that the union would "give active support to the formation of a National Farmer-Labor Party as provided in the Gorman resolution." The auto convention also endorsed the principle of industrial union-

ism as sponsored by the Committee on Industrial Organization, headed by John L. Lewis.

The Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers convention reflected the sharp struggle between the craft and industrial union forces on a national scale. President Green, acting for the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor sent a letter to the steel union convention calling for an "organization campaign" along craft lines. Such a plan would divide the steel workers and grant jurisdiction to any number of craft unions to organize their particular group in each plant. It has been such a policy which has in large part been responsible for the fact that only 5,000 out of a possible 500,000 have been organized in the A. A.

Contrasted with this proposal, the Committee on Industrial Organization offered $500,000 for a drive to organize the steel workers in one united union. The adoption of the suggestion for one union in the industry rather than the division into craft locals, speaks well for the future of the union.

New York seamen have learned a lesson of solidarity from their West Coast brothers, and they are striking for increased overtime pay. But it seems that some of the International Seamen's Union officials never learn. They have gone to the courts for an injunction against the strikers' use of the I. S. U. name. They lost that and refused to accept Judge Black's proposal to submit the agreement to a referendum. The strikers are willing to leave the whole matter up to the vote of the union members.

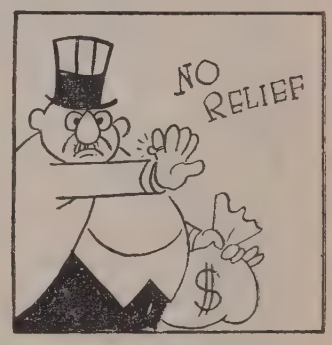
Meanwhile, the strikers who charge that the scabs manning the ships are incapable of doing their jobs have even opened the ears of officials in Washington.

NEWS

At home abroad—and just
the news and happenings
A digest of high spots a

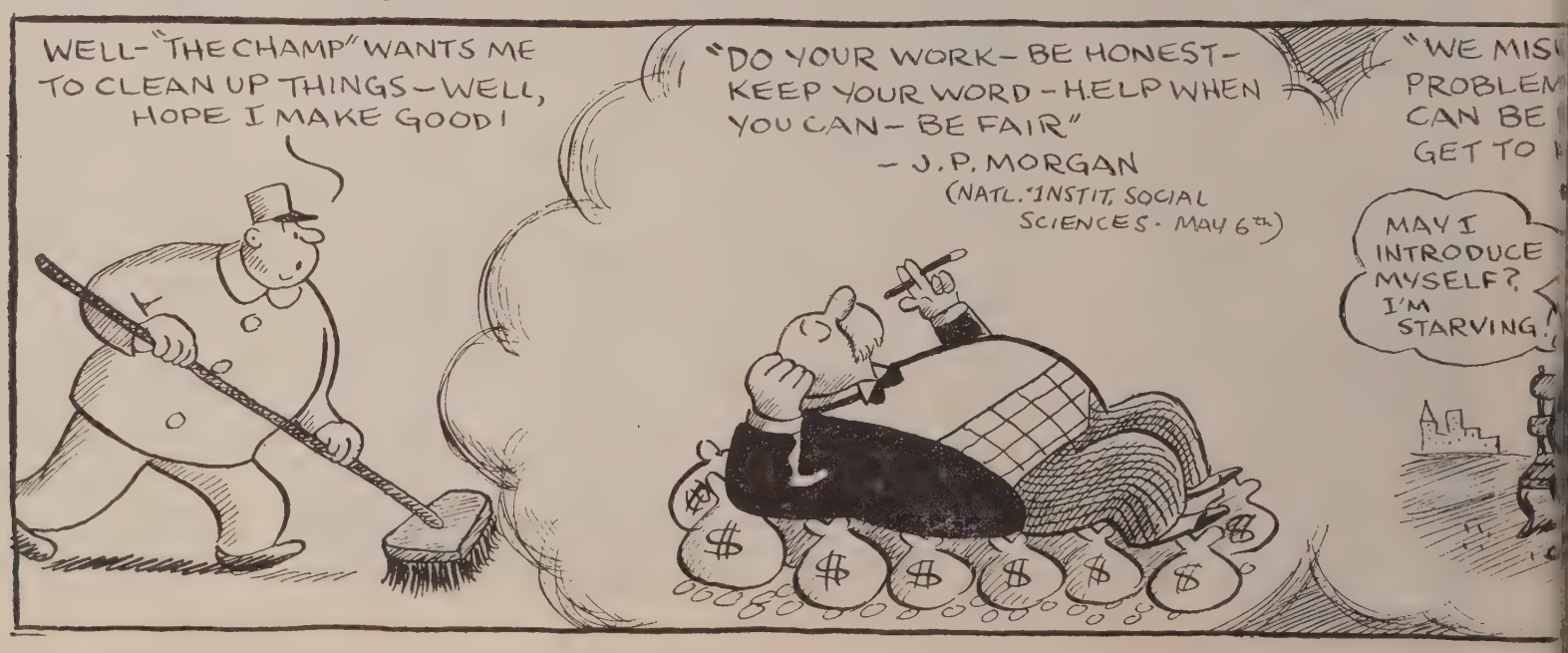
IT CAN HAPPEN

"THE volume of federal spending has already passed beyond the power of the rich to pay." It's the poor



what gets the blyme and they will become poorer and poorer if the program of the Liberty League-Republican-Hearst combination is allowed to develop in all its glory. It was Senator Steiwer, slated as temporary chairman

THAT'S WHAT *THEY* SAY


WELL-"THE CHAMP" WANTS ME TO CLEAN UP THINGS-WELL, HOPE I MAKE GOOD!
"DO YOUR WORK-BE HONEST-KEEP YOUR WORD-HELP WHEN YOU CAN-BE FAIR"
-J.P. MORGAN
(NATL. INSTIT. SOCIAL SCIENCES - MAY 6TH)
"WE MISU
PROBLEM
CAN BE
GET TO
MAY I INTRODUCE MYSELF? I'M STARVING.

VIEWS

s close to home as goes
f importance and interest.
d hot spots in the news

of the Republican National Convention, who bemoaned the inability of the rich to bear the burden of relief. "We propose, moreover, to liquidate the Works Progress Administration," the Senator insisted, "and to turn over the responsibility for distribution of relief to the states and local agencies."

Never has a more concerted drive against the American standard of living extended so far as the one now being led by the Liberty League boys. Meanwhile, the Roosevelt administration lends a very willing ear to the cries of the Liberty League and feigns deafness when it hears the demands of the unemployed. We recall the Baltimore address to the youth of the nation, when Roosevelt urged our generation to "dream dreams" and "see visions." Unfortunately, the visions of relief reductions and a cut in the WPA have become altogether too real. The current relief bill calls for only a $1,400,000,000 appropriation. According to Harry Hopkins, WPA administrator, this will mean the dropping of 700,000 from WPA jobs alone.

He Read Right But Guessed Wrong

We can now be sure that a congressman knows how to read. The hearings on the relief bill produced the following incident which might be funny if it didn't involve the very lives of millions of American men and women—

David Lasser, of the Workers Alliance, united organization of the unemployed, testified that in the state of Florida relief payments were as low as $5 for an entire family. Immediately, Representative Edward W. Curley, Democrat, was on his feet with an objection. He began to read from an official document that the figure is $16.60 a week. Lassar then explained that the

congressman had read the figure correctly, but what it represented was an estimate by a nutrition expert concerning the minimum needed for subsistence.

Yes, the congressman can decipher words, but as to their meaning...

Farmer-Labor Party Is the Answer

We can be sure of one thing. America's army of jobless men and women is not placing any reliance on the parties in power. The occupation of the State Capitol in Trenton, New Jersey, and the march of the Pennsylvania unemployed on Harrisburg is ample evidence. The Trenton "army" voted to build a Farmer-Labor Party. In Harrisburg they forced the state legislature to listen to their demands for a $121,000,000 appropriation.

MINNESOTA CALLS

THE danger of fascism has stimulated the trend toward independent labor organization. Even though the failure of many labor organizations to see that Roosevelt is no barrier to the fascist drive of the Liberty League-Republican-Hearst group has prevented the setting up of a presidential ticket in the 1936 elections, the formation of a National Farmer-Labor Party is moving ahead. It received great impetus from the call of the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Association headed by Governor Olson, for a national conference on May 30 and 31 in Chicago. The aims of the conference are stated in the call:

"(a) Aid in the formation of local and state Farmer-Labor Parties.

"(b) Preparations for active participation as a national force in furthering the election of local, state and congressional candidates.

"(c) The unification of labor, farmer and progressive groups for the building of a national Farmer-Labor Party this year."

OF THE PEOPLE

ONE aspect of the victorious march of the People's Front in Spain and an important ingredient of that united movement has not received the attention which it warrants. We refer to the successful building of a united youth league in that country. Socialist and Communist youth, together with tens of thousands of other young people of Spain, have formed one organization striving to abolish the profit system.

Hard on the heels of the success of the People's Front candidates in Spain came the election victory in France.

Compared with their total vote in the 1932 elections, the right wing parties lost 455,699 votes and the left gained 168,370. Most spectacular were the gains of the Socialists and Communists whose united front was the key for setting up the broad people's movement.

HUMANITARIAN

ON the same day in the same papers two items appeared throughout the country. One informed us that the amendment calling for the abolition of child labor was not even reported back to the floor of the Senate in Albany, New York. The other reported that J. P. Morgan was the proud recipient of a medal tendered by the National Institute for Social Science. Coming shortly after the Nye Committee bared the role of the House of Morgan in dragging us into the last war (a business transaction, which netted $10,000 for each man killed), the medal was awarded for "distinguished services rendered to humanity."

YOUTH FRONT

Score another for the youth movement which looms larger and larger under the banner of the American Youth Congress. This number one united front, with its million and a half young people from every conceivable type of organization, has been hitting the ball for all it's worth. Fresh from a thrilling hearing in Washington, it goes on steadily to new accomplishments. The effects of this hearing—watched carefully by the administration—were carried over into the New York State Youth Congress recently concluded.

Over 300 000 young men and women from the New York area attended this congress, representing trade unions, student, church, political, social and Y and settlement groups. They were banded firmly in their condemnation of the war appropriations expenditures, militarization of youth, gag bills and other reactionary measures. And another hammer blow for the passage of the American Youth Act was registered.

This was made more telling with the added knowledge that new and vigorous forces allied themselves with the movement when the Industrial and the Business and Professional Divisions of the Young Women's Christian Association affiliated to the Youth Congress at the National Y. W. convention held in Colorado Springs.

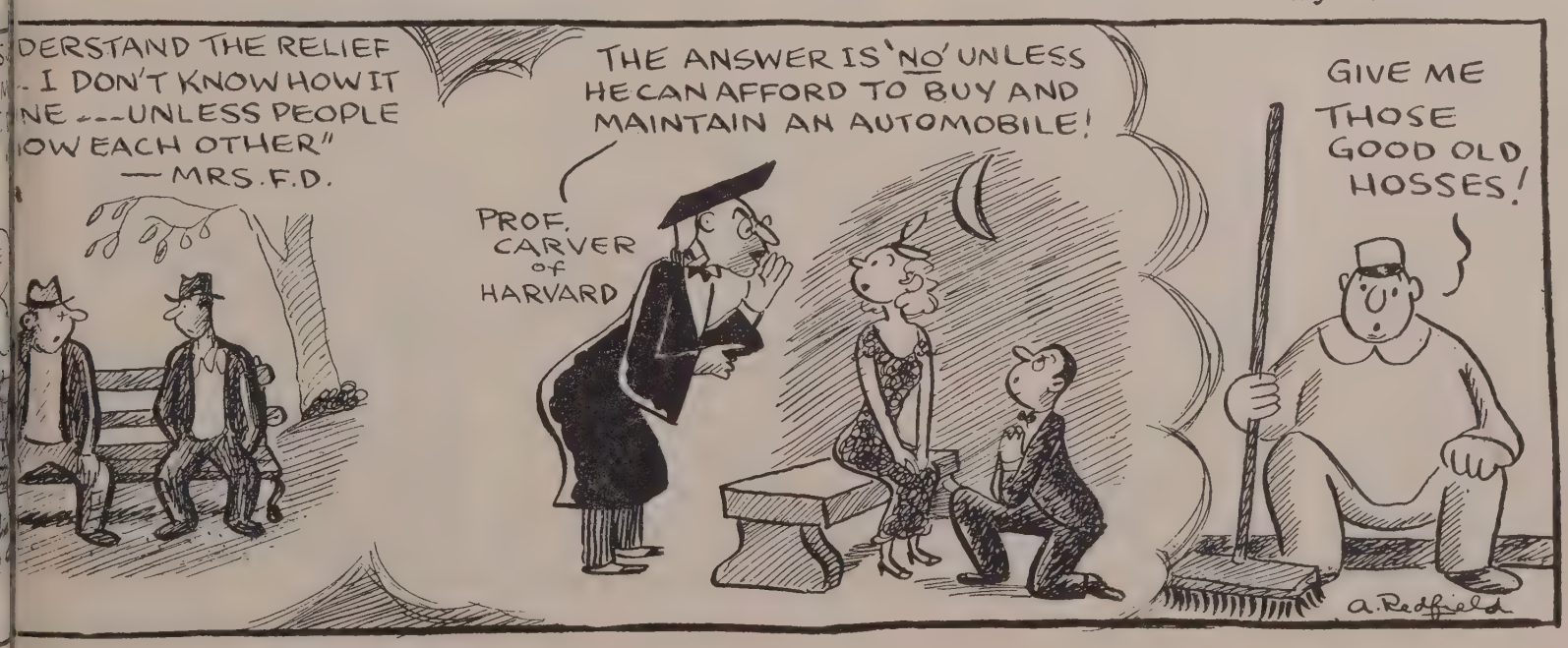
From here the work goes forward again with huge strides. On Memorial Day, United Youth Day, the Congress will sponsor peace actions all over the country as a reminder of those who are

dead and a declaration of intentions of those who refuse to die for Morgan.

After that, all decks on hand for the Third American Youth Congress to be held in Cleveland on July 3, 4 and 5.

—J. C.

—By A. REDFIELD


DERSTAND THE RELIEF
- I DON'T KNOW HOW IT
NE ---UNLESS PEOPLE
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— MRS. F.D.
THE ANSWER IS 'NO' UNLESS HE CAN AFFORD TO BUY AND MAINTAIN AN AUTOMOBILE!
PROF. CARVER of HARVARD
GIVE ME THOSE GOOD OLD HOSSES!
a. Redfield

ALIVE AGAIN - - By GRACE LUMPKIN

Illustrated by W. Sanderson

CAN you leave everything else for a few moments and come with me into a certain parish in Louisiana?

We have just left the car and walked through mud into the home of a share-cropper. It is an unpainted house of three rooms. There is a small kitchen, and the other two rooms have high ceilings. About nine feet up on the bare wooden walls of these two rooms there is a dark streak, as if someone had run a brush of muddy paint clear around the walls and left the paint to drip. This mark was left by the last flood.

The share-cropper's wife has been the mother of nine children. There is one child living, a girl of eight, who stays shyly behind her mother or some of the furniture and watches everything we do and listens to what we say. It is easy to tell that her mother has the child in mind. Even when she is busiest, every now and then, her face turns anxiously and lovingly toward the little girl.

During the late afternoon we go out and see the garden which the share-cropper and his wife cultivate after they have worked all day in the fields. The flower garden, which is just showing green buds from a number of different kinds of plants, is in front of the house. The share-cropper's wife tends to the flower garden on Sundays.

Out beyond the flowers and the front fence there are heaps of black looking stuff. At first I think it is manure, ready for the fields that are being prepared for planting. When we go closer, however, I see that the mounds are piles of gray moss, taken from the trees in the swamps. The share-cropper explains that they sell the moss after it has dried to a man who comes regularly in a truck to collect it from all the croppers in the community. They receive two cents a pound for the moss. The money from this is the only cash they have for luxuries such as a doctor or medicine.

When it is nearly dark we go into the kitchen to eat. For supper we have salt bacon, some corn bread, and instead of molasses, because we are company, the share-cropper's wife brings out water-melon rind preserves. She gives us the best she has. As I am eating I think, "How can people work on such food? How can they even live? Then I remember the eight children who did not live.

It is impossible not to receive with appreciation food that is offered with such generous hospitality. Yet the food chokes me. I am not given to seeing visions, or to imagining things that are not before me. But as I sit at the bare table, trying to eat, I see the eight dead children sitting on one of the benches, standing by the water-bucket, or over there by the stove, watching. And I can hear them crying for food that they never had. If there were no food; if there were a great famine in the land, I think I could be philosophical about this. But food has been cynically thrown away, and even then the warehouses are full. The whole country is choked with nourishing food that could give abundant life. No pleasant philosophy can take the place of life. Words, however, learned or important-sounding, cannot be eaten. No metaphysical books on Man, the Unknown, or some such subject, can explain away known riches, and the unknown slow starvation.

We have come to visit these share-croppers to talk about starting a union. They have never had one before. During the afternoon we have spoken with this Negro woman and her husband. We have had supper with them, and now the time has come for the men, after their work in the fields, to gather for the meeting in this house.

I am in the kitchen with the share-cropper's wife and child. He is out in the barn lot with the white organizer seeing after his two lean horses. The other share-croppers from the community come along into the yard. Some of them have walked, others have ridden horse-back, or several together have come in a wagon. They see me at the door of the kitchen and walk slowly around the house into the front yard. The share-cropper's wife goes through the front room to meet the men. I hear her greet them, and hear the soft scraping of their muddy boots as they come into the room. She invites them into the kitchen which is warmer. I can see that they hesitate, that they are probably shy at meeting a stranger. Perhaps they are somewhat suspicious, too, of a white stranger.

I hear the share-cropper's wife talking to them in a scolding manner, but I can't at first hear the words she says. Then, as they come further into the room, I do hear some words. She says, "Come on in. We've been sittin' down to supper together. Come on in and just act natural. You don't have to bow and scrape. I tell you these folks are human."

There is a peculiar breathlessness in her voice. If this were an unusual occasion, I would say that a special and unusual emotional excitement is making it hard for her to speak. It seems that she is speaking as she would if her child, say, was ill and neighbors had come in. It seems as if she is insisting to them, because they won't believe, as if she is saying, "Come in and see. My child that was dead is alive again."

15-YEAR-OLD
ARMY GAME: CMTC

By MORRIS SCHNAPPER

"IF YOU'RE A REGULAR American boy, from 17 to 24, with plenty of pep and patriotism, come to camp with Uncle Sam this summer.

"Good food, real uniforms, medical care, railroad fare—you get them all FREE!

"You'll never forget the thrill. . . .

"Unless you get it you'll soon be a back number.

"If you are red-blooded here's a summer trip that will make your blood tingle and dance . . . rollicking gatherings around the campfire or in the Hostess House evenings." (C.M.T.C. circular, Ninth Corps Area.)

Variations of such drivel, dressed up in somewhat more dignified fashion, are at the moment being spewed forth all over the country by the War Department and its C.M.T.C. officers and recruit bureaus, by the Military Training Camps Association and its 3,400 workers. by Legionnaires and professional patriots. And, tragically enough, it is reported that thousands upon thousands of applications are pouring into the War Department's C.M.T.C. bureaus in the nine corps areas.

Propaganda

For fifteen years now young Americans have enlisted in the C. M. T. C. camps on the basis of misleading statements which they have been gulled into accepting at face value by one of the most high-powered propaganda machines in the democratic world. Statements such as these:

"These camps are doing much to promote right living and clear thinking.—Col. Charles A. Lindbergh.

"Courtesy in act, sympathy in feeling, tolerance in thought are the ideals."—Calvin Coolidge.

"Graduates still are young civilians, but civilians who have had their mental, moral, and physical fibre strengthened for the battles of everyday life."—Former Assistant Secretary of War Payne.

"The military tent where boys sleep side by side will rank next to the public school among the great agents of democracy."—Theodore Roosevelt."

"The primary mission of Citizens' Military Tarining Camps in this corps area is to benefit young men who attend by the inculcation of habits of discipline, honor and obedience and the manly virtues of fair play, self-respect, and patriotism."—Circular of the Second Corps Area Headquarters.

"The Citizens' Military Training Camps have through ten years proved themselves important agencies of physical and moral health in the individual and of civic welfare in the nation."—Herbert Hoover.

Such bla er has during the past fifteen years hoaxed half a million young Americans—a number almost four times as large as our standing Army of 137,000 men—into letting themselves be militarized physically and psychologically; into letting the War Department prepare them for their own destruction, their own slaughter. And, contraary to the War Department's subtle propaganda, this militarization has not been given to the American people free of charge. It has cost us, if we accept as honest the War Department figures, the sum of about $65,000,000 (about $35,000,000 has been expended on the C.M.T.C. proper and about $30,000,000 has gone for wages of C.M.T.C. Army officers and equipment).

Military Course

If, as we have been told time and time again, character-building is the War Department's primary concern, then why have the following thoroughgoing military courses been the major activity in the camps throughout the past fifteen years?

"The BASIC COURSE . . . provides preliminary military training.'

"The RED COURSE . . . provides training in different arms of the Army: Infantry, Field Artillery, Cavalry, Coast Artillery Corps, and Signal Corps.

"The WHITE COURSE . . . provides training in different arms of the Army: Infantry, Field Artillery, Cavalry, Coast Artillery Corps, and Signal Corps, for the purpose of qualifying candidates as specialists and non-commissioned leaders.

"The BLUE COURSE . . . Applicants must have not less than a completed high-school education or its equivalent and, for technical arms, must have the necsesary technical education." (War Department, A.G.O. Form No. 121—Oct. 10, 1935.)

If war preparation is the furthermost thought in the minds of the War Department officials, then was not General John J. Pershing being indiscreetly honest when in a special article for the Associated Press which appeared in the *Minneapolis Tribune* on July 17, 1925, he declared that "The Citizens' Military Training Camps are the American substitute for universal training," that "this is the method used to train young men to become officers" and that he hoped that some day 100,000 youths would undergo C.M.T.C. militarization each year?

If Messrs Lindbergh, Coolidge, Payne, Roosevelt, et. al., were telling us the truth about the C.M.T.C., then should not General Lassiter be reprimanded for informing the Conference on Training for Citizenship and National Defense that "the main objective of military training in our schools, colleges and summer camps, is to fit our young manhood to fill up the commissioned and non-commissioned grades in the National Guard and Organized Reserve Units of their particular localities?" And should not Congress denounce James W. Wadsworth for having stated, when chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, that "These training camps form an essential element in the present system of National Defense. . . They form the reservoir from which each of the (War Department) components may draw its material?"

Misinformation

And should not the *U. S. Army Recruiting News* point out to its readers that Secretary of War Weeks, in whose administration the C.M.T.C. was launched, was grossly misinformed when he stated in its pages on July 23, 1921, that "these camps are a vital asset in the broad scheme of national defense because they advance the upbuilding of the National Guard and the Organized Reserves?"

How thoroughgoing and realistic is its training for war is dramatically shown by the following account of preparations for a sham battle about to be staged by C.M.T.C. youths at Fort Meade, Maryland:

"All was in readiness for the conflict of these modern warlords this morning. Airplanes, one on each side, will hover over the lines at the 'zero hour', signalling the results of their observations to their headquarters. Each battalion of infantry will advance, covered by artillery fire from the rear.

"General Upton and an official party of observers will judge the results of the 'battle'. When the youths have returned to camp at noon today, he will gather them in one of the camp auditoriums. Here all the mistakes made by each 'army' will be pointed out, followed by a dissertation on the theory of modern war." (Baltimore Sun, July 28, 1925.)

Training for War

Although the above account would seem irrefutably to indicate that C.M.T.C. youths are being trained primarily for real war, Army officials who point out that the youngsters furnish recruit material for the National Guard could argue, and with great effectiveness, that they are being trained merely for skirmishes—with strikers, dispossessed farmers and sharecroppers, relief demonstrators. Not without very ominous significance is the fact that the WarDepartment has from the very first strenuously encouraged the youngsters to join the National Guard. When the C.M.T.C. was established the *U. S. Army Recruiting News* special C.M.T.C. issue of July 23, 1921, gave prominent attention, large type and full page, to a short statement by Major General George C. Rickards, chief of the Militia Bureau, which said in part:

"In addition to other obvious advantages it is believed the contemplated 1921 Citizens' Military Training Camps will prove a very valuable asset to the National Guard in giving young men an insight into military training, inclining their thought and future activities toward matters military in their respective communities. . . . Certainly they will leave the camp in a mood receptive of suggestion from organizations of National Guard in their home communities. It has been suggested and the idea will probably be carried out to furnish Commanding Officers of the National Guard with the names and addresses of the men who attend the camp from their respective localities, that the desirability of joining the local National Guard organization may be brought to the attention of each."

AMERICAN HERO

Illustrated
By Lynd Ward

By GRANVILLE HICKS

The author of "John Reed" reviews the reviews of his own book and intimately reveals how he wrote the biography of a great figure

Illustration reprinted by permission Equinox Press

JOHN REED was always a young man in spirit and never old in years. What I found to be fundamental in John Reed's character was his amazing appetite for life, for the richest, most varied, most intense kind of experience.

This appetite underlay his faults as well as his virtues, and explained his irresponsible pranks as well as his finest achievements. And in him—and, I believe, in all truly great lovers of life—this zest could not be merely selfish. He could not satisfy his passion for life without trying to bring to others the joys he wanted for himself. He was not a self-conscious altruist; he had no program for helping others; he merely set up, on personal grounds, demands that could only have a social satisfaction.

So I discovered that the passion for life is essentially a revolutionary force. Whether it find effective expression in revolutionary action depends to a great extent on circumstances, but it is always destructive of the old order, and it is potentially a creative force working towards the new. Life, I realized once more, is on the side of the revolution, and especially when it surges so tempestuously through an individual as it surged through John Reed.

When I finished *John Reed,** I felt that the book had two qualities that any fair-minded person ought to recognize. In the first place, it was based on hard work, both my own and John Stuart's. It would have been possible to write a picturesque, impressionistic, and essentially slovenly life of Reed, and enough material for such a life could easily have been gathered. But we knew how superficial and how distorted such a biography would be, and we resolved to be just as scholarly as if we were Ph.D. candidates writing on some sixteenth century nonentity. Of course we wanted to be more than scholarly; we wanted to do something with the facts once we got them; but we were determined to get all the facts we could.

In the second place, the book, I felt when I finished it, was objective, in the only sense in which objectivity means anything to me. Nobody could be neutral towards such a career as John Reed's. Nobody could help singling out for emphasis the qualities and events that appeared to him to be significant.

Since I am a revolutionary, I emphasized the revolutionary elements in Reed's character. A certain kind of biographer would have minimized everything about John Reed that was revolutionary. Such a biography would, since most reviewers are anti-revolutionary, have been called objective. Mine, since it went against rather than with, the prejudices of the majority, was called partisan. And it is partisan. But the facts are all there, with nothing concealed and nothing distorted.

(JOHN REED—Macmillan, $3.50)

Here's News

When an author likes the reviews of his own book, that's news. I do like the reviews of my biography of John Reed. A few reviewers did say silly things: Harry Hansen, for example, made a puerile wisecrack about Communist writers who take money from capitalist institutions. But by and large the reviews have been not merely favorable but also—and it's not the same thing—intelligent.

What pleased me about the reviews was that almost all of them commented on these points, praising the scholarship of the book and recognizing, though they called me a partisan, that all the facts were given, whether they fitted my pre-conceptions or not. This was personally gratifying, but there was, I think, something more involved than that. It is not easy for us on the left to talk with those on the right. Of course some capitalist reviewers are just plain dishonest, but there are others who are unmistakably sincere. Such a man, for example, as R. L. Duffus, who reviewed the book for the *Sunday Times,* tries to be honest. He starts, however, from assumptions that are very different from ours. With men of this sort argument is difficult, almost impossible. If, therefore, we can convince them that we respect facts and seek to be fair, we appeal to them in one of the few ways that are really effective and through them we appeal to the large and important class they represent.

So far, then, as the frankly capitalist reviewers are concerned, I think I have reason to be pleased. But there were other reviews that pleased me more, and one that seemed to be as nearly perfect as any revivew could be. That was Max Lerner's in the *Nation.* What Lerner had to say about the book was gratifying, but far better was what he had to say about Reed. For me there was a certain impression of Reed that emerged from the facts I gave, but I had no way of knowing whether it would actually reach the reader. Lerner got it, and stated beautifully just what it was he had got. Before his review appeared, I could feel that, if a reader did not get the impression of Reed I wanted to give, it might be my fault. After I read his review, I knew that at least one person understood, and if one person did, other could.

I also liked Malcolm Cowley's review in the *New Republic* because Cowley said frankly that he had had grave doubts about my fitness to write the book. He wasn't the only one. I knew Lincoln Steffens felt the same way. And when Steffens, who had known Reed so well, wired me, "You have got Jack to the life," and when Cowley explained that he had been wrong, it was a great joy.

I suppose one reason why I can sympathize so easily with Cowley and Steffens is because I had my own doubts. It was three months after the idea of writing about John Reed was suggested to me before I was willing to commit myself. It took six months more to convince me that I could really do the job. And it wasn't until the book was finished that I was sure I hadn't made a mistake in tackling it. (Of course I still have reservavtions, and perhaps ought to have much stronger ones, but it would be less than sincere to suggest that I regard the book as a failure.)

I Had Doubts

My doubts about writing the book were exactly the same as Cowley's: they rested on the realization that temperamentally I was very little like John Reed. Though we had come to similar conclusions, we had traveled vastly different paths, and I knew that I never would have done or would do the sort of things he did. But for that very reason the writing of the biography was a test. Was I, I asked myself, forever barred from understanding a person of different temperament? And gradually insight came. The further I got below the surfaces of the Reed legend, the easier I found it to understand the man—and the more, I may say, my admiration grew.

CRAFT OR INDUSTRIAL?

The president of the United Mine Workers of America, and Chairman of the Committee on Industrial Organization, explains the significance of industrial unionism in these days

By JOHN L. LEWIS

NOTHING during my experience in the labor movement has given me greater happiness than the magnificent fight of the younger American workers—those who were fortunate enough to be able to obtain jobs before the debacle of 1929 for the right of collective bargaining and economic security. That fight has in a very real sense helped bring into existence the Committee on Industrial Organization.

The Committee, I should explain, seeks to aid in the establishment of industrial unions in the basic or mass-production industries which the craft unions, after many years of effort, have failed to organize and which, experience has demonstrated, cannot hope to organize effectively. It is my profound conviction that not until the workers in the automotive, rubber, steel, and other mass-production industries are organized effectively into industrial unions, will the American labor movement become a really significant factor in the economic and political life of the nation.

In this connection, I know that the reader will join with me in the not-irreverent hope that the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor—like the Apostle Paul on the Damascus Road more than 19 centuries ago—may see a great and overwhelming light and may be so constrained with the spirit of the new dispensation that they will grant the United Automobile Workers, the Associated Automobile Workers of America, the Mechanics Educational Society, and the Automotive Industrial Workers of America, an unrestricted industrial union charter which will authorize all organizations to amalgamate, to organize the industry, and to exercise the democratic right of electing their own officers.

Time Is Ripe

It is unnecessary for me to state or to demonstrate why it is that craft unions cannot be depended upon to cope with the problems which confront workers in the basic and mass production industries at the present time. Craft union are really a survival of a past era in our economic development. Almost a half-century ago, when the American Federation of Labor was founded, craft unions were a rational form of labor organization for the reason that industrial enterprises, as we all know, were small and highly localized, and manufacturing, mining, and transportation activities were conditioned upon human skill and training. Inventive genius and chemical and engineering research, had not at that time developed the marvellous machines and technological methods which now constitute modern industry.

Along with these revolutionary changes, the size and productive capacity of industrial enterprises have been vastly increased. Individual employers have been supplanted by proprietary corporations, the capital of which has been derived from thousands of widely scattered stock and bondholders. These corporate units, located and producing in many States and localities, are, in turn, owned and controlled by national holding corporations, and, in reality, constitute a national identity and community of interest. Management is separate from ownership. It is not usually selected, and its policies determined, by the stockholders, but by the private banking houses upon which the holding companies are dependent for needed capital and credit facilities.

As compared wth the craft union industry of four decades ago, the productive equipment and facilities of modern industry have also been entirely transformed. Human skill and training have been subordinated to machines. Craftsmen constitute only a small proportion of the operating forces. They may occupy key positions and frequently can alone use their bargaining power to secure concessions for themselves, but they do not have sufficient strength to secure improved conditions for the great mass of workers.

Industry Transformed

The really significant fact of modern mass production industry is that machine operators, who may be recruited and trained within a short time, constitute, with unskilled employees, more than three-fourths of all the workers. It is obvious, therefore, that the bargaining strength of employees of our basic industries no longer rests upon unions of skilled workers or craftsmen. It is actually dependent upon a national union representing *all* workers in the industry.

The field for the organization of such industrial unions is as extensive as the scope of the basic industrial undertakings of the country. There are only a few craft unions remaining in our big industries which usually represent a certain group or occupation—but relatively only a very small proportion of the total number of workers in the industry. In the limited number of cases where they do exist, they must be persuaded, if possible, to become the nucleus for industrial unions.

Mass Industries Unorganized

With the exception of these few scattered unions, the mass production industries are unorganized. A large number of craft unions of the American Federation of Labor possess, as we all know, charter or "paper" jurisdictional claims over certain craftsmen employed. All efforts of the craft unions, however, in past years to organize the operating forces of our big modern industries have met with failure. Moreover, coalitions of crafts formed in times past, to cover an entire industry, have been unsuccessful because of rivalries and jurisdictional disputes between the different craft unions involved, and for the further reason that common laborers and the semi-skilled workers came to the conclusion that the skilled crafts discriminated against them.

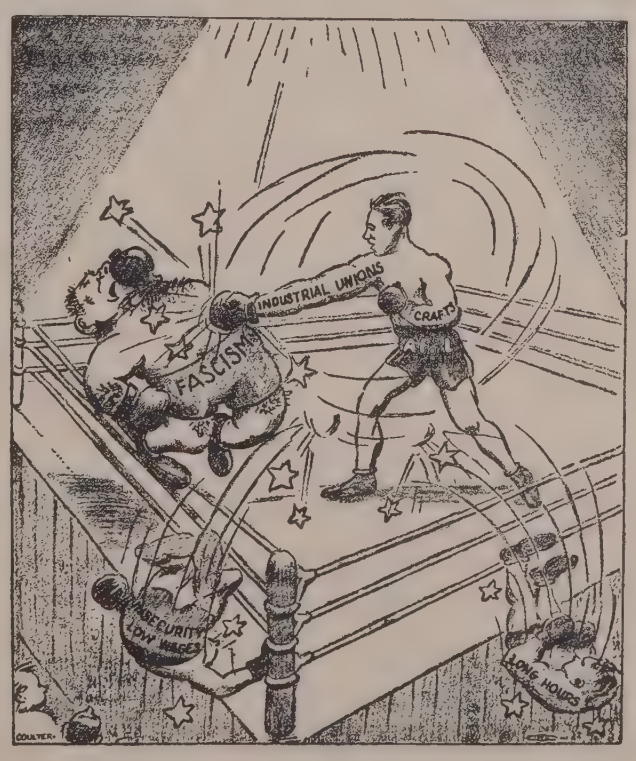
Today the craft unions, therefore, are without any real foothold in any of our mass production enterprises. Outside of the construction industry, they have been forced to seek refuge in industries sheltered by public interest and policy, such as navy yards, shipbuilding, steam and electric railway transportation, or in small or more or less local manufacturing establishments.

Short-Sighted Viewpoint

The attitude of craft union leaders towards the industrial union movement, or their demand that skilled craftsmen be turned over to them when organized in the basic industries, is, therefore, not only incredibly selfish from the standpoint of the development of an effective American labor movement but is also extremely short-sighted from the point of view of their own organizations. The majority vote of representatives of State and city federations in favor of the industrial union issue at the Atlantic City convention of the Federation of Labor in 1935 clearly demonstrates that could a vote be taken of the individual members of the Federation it would be overwhelmingly in favor of industrial unionism for the basic industries. The rank and file of our skilled employees are too intelligent not to realize that even a multiplicity of organizations among craftsmen themselves not only is unnecessarily expensive to the membership but also through constant bickering between and lack of cohesion among craft organizations the bargaining strength of the craft union movement is itself weakened.

Enlightened craft leadership in some of the most advanced unions has already recognized the desirability of amalgamation. It is reported, for instance, that negotiations have been under way for some time looking towards the merging of the locomotive engineers, firemen, and hostler Brotherhoods into one organization, and conductors, trainmen, dining car stewards and switchmen in another. Additional examples of similar tendencies might be cited.

To my mind, it is clear that the opposition of many of the leaders of craft unions towards the industrial union movement for our basic industries does not spring spontaneously from the point of view of the membership of the craft unions but that it is fundamentally due to a small, detached, and backward group of the A. F. of L. Council who are so constrained by the madness of too much long continued power that they have unconsciously lost sight of the real, fundamental objectives of the labor movement.



LET US BE UNITED

By ANGELO HERNDON

I HAVE travelled thousands of miles and spoken to tens of thousands of people these last months. I've spoken in trade unions, churches, YWCAs, young peoples clubs and mass meetings. Not only have I spoken from platforms and rostrums, but I have held personal discussions with hundreds of people, Negro and white.

In all this travelling and talking, what impressed me most was the spirit and outlook of the young men and women with whom I came in contact. They were serious, every one of them. They were perturbed and worried about the future and what it held in store for them. They knew there was something basically wrong with present day society and were anxious to find out what they could do to change things.

Questions

Hardly a meeting passed without a number of young people gathering around me, popping questions at me faster than I could answer. They wanted to know what organization to join up with. They wanted to know what was going on in other parts of the country. They wanted to know how to get jobs, whether the danger of war could be averted, whether America could be saved from fascism. Most of them were interested and wanted to know what to read in order to get a more fundamental grasp of the principles of Marxism.

This was especially true of my own people. They, in many cases even more than the white youth were interested in learning about the Soviet Union. Had I been there? Could I tell them how the problem of national minorities was solved under Socialism? Did I believe we in America could establish a Socialist society? Was it possible to end race hatred and discrimination in this country also? And after answering these and other questions, I would always get some variation of the following question: What organization is there that can educate, train and lead us to the establishment of a new social order, a Socialist society.

A New Society

It was just such questions and animated interest in the why and wherefor of achieving a society where production will be for use and not for profit, that led me to the conviction that the time is ripe in this country for the creation of a powerful youth organization which will educate and train the young men and women of this nation in the direction of a new and better world. Such an organization could unite all those young people who stand for working class principles, who wish to oppose the rule of the wealthy autocrats, who stand firmly for peace and against fascism, who are ready to act in behalf of Negro rights, and who want to unite behind labor in the fight for a society where those who produce will control the fruits of their toil.

Such an organization would go a long way in organizing the most militant, intelligent and freedom loving American young men and women for a future of peace and security.

What America needs is a militant, united youth organization of the above character.

Advt. Advt.

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OUT OF STEP

(Continued from page 11)

the largest peace-time military budget ever enacted in Washington.

"We don't want to offend anyone," I was told.

They were petitioned by their membership to draft some semblance of permanent, realistic anti-war policy.

"We are organizing now — when we're fully organized, we'll see what everyone agrees upon, and then maybe we'll draw up a program. For the present we're sticking to the bonus."

Silence Was Broken

Their silence prevailed up till April 22, the day on which 500,000 American students carried on a spectacular demonstration for peace in every part of the country. It was a day on which countless posts of the Veterans of Future Wars joined with chapters of the American Student Union to stage the peace demonstrations. It was a day of unparalleled peace action in American schools and colleges.

That morning the Associated Press carried an interview with Gorin in which he declared that he believed in "rational warfare" and could readily conceive of "situations in which students should be prepared to fight." It is difficult to understand what he means by "rational warfare" unless he means the "rational" art of making money out of war, practiced so "rationally" by the House of Morgan in 1917. It is clear that this statement reflected the feeling, not of the Veterans of Future Wars throughout the country, but of one Lewis Gorin of Princeton University, who "doesn't want to offend anyone."

Enter Hearst

His climatic venture, however, is contained in a one hundred and one page volume called "Patriotism Prepaid," just published. It is whimsical, puerile work which again speaks for the "national commanders"—not for the members of the V. F. of W. Forgetting the genuine, courageous anti-war actions of his followers, Gorin devotes these pages to a stinging attack on the soldiers' bonus. Only Mr. Mark Sullivan, Washington correspondent for The New York Herald Tribune, could state the case of Wall Street more admirably. If Gorin is anxious to retain the respect of his followers, he should proceed at once to buy up every copy of the book now in circulation and announce to the world that it is all tragic error.

This advice is gratuitous and will not be followed. There is, however, real evidence of dissatisfaction among the membership. Gorin has threatened to call a national convention of the organization which will prove a source of permanent embarrassment to him. I have no doubt that such a convention will result in anti-war resolutions which will make Gorin—and William Randolph Hearst—see red. It is notable that when the V. F. W. was formed, one of its earliest acts was to invite Mr. Hearst to serve as honorary national commander. This romance appears to be progressing.

So many auxiliaries and posts of the V. F. of W. have been organized that I hesitate to propose another. Unless Gorin and his Princeton aides retrace their steps, however, I fear that a new one will spontaneously spring into existence to absorb those who can't keep in step with the rest of the parade.

It will be called the Unknown Commanders of the Veterans of Future Wars.

TAKE YOUR CHOICE

The Brown Bomber and Der Max in an interview before their fight

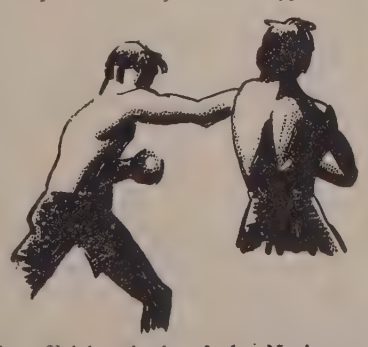
By LEON HOROWITZ

WHEN Max Schmeling exposes his Ayran physiognomy before the onslaught of Joe Louis' fists under the arc lights of the Yankee Stadium on June 18, he is admittedly going to participate in the "toughest battle of my career." And the inveterate fight-goers who are putting from four to forty dollars on the line to witness the embroglio will probably agree that the German heavyweight knows whereof he speaks.

It is generally felt by those boxing enthusiasts in the know that in his tussle with Joe Louis, Herr Max is meeting an honest-to-goodness scrapper. Close followers of the manly art hasten to point out—and when pressed they get real talkative on the subject—that Louis is no Uzcudun or Carnera. With great pride, the Louis fans recite the fact that since his entrance into the professional fight game a year ago, the Detroit boy has won all twenty-seven engagements in a clear-cut fashion. And if one values one's health, it isn't advisable to even dare suggest that there has been a build-up in Louis' rapid rise in the realm of fisticuffs.

Louis Is Good

Schmeling agrees that Joe Louis is a fine fighter. In in interview with this CHAMPION reporter at his Napanock, N. Y., training camp, Schmeling showed the highest respect for the Detroit slugger. The stolid German ex-champion evidently did not approve of



the official attitude of the Nazi press which stated recently that "Negroes have never been known to possess courage when facing their equal or better men."

"I think Louis a very goot fighter," the Teuton Schlager said in a broken, guttural English. He looked at trainer Max Machon and Frances Albertini, his publicity dispenser, as if to seek confirmation. "Joe Louis is goot fighter, very goot fighter," he repeated.

We got the impression he thought Joe Louis was a good fighter.

He was shown a clipping from a Nazi paper. "It is ridiculous that such a man as Joe Louis, a Negro, could beat our Max Schmeling . . . Louis is merely an offshoot of American enthusiasm and couldn't lick a real fighter like our Herr Max . . ." the article said.

The Best Man Wins

Visibly upset, Schmeling asked, "Who says that?" When informed that similar statements had been penned by the spokesmen of Hitler, Goebbels, Streicher, et al., he again turned to his trainer, then glanced back. "In sport," he insisted, "the Negro and white man are just the same. The best man wins."

Throughout the interview, Schmeling evidenced great reluctance to answer our questions on the Nazi regime. We asked him if he felt it was true that the German race is superior to all others from a cultural and physical viewpoint. He seemed not to understand. Albertini simplified the question, but Herr Max still refused to answer. We spoke about the new Nazi emphasis on the political aspect of sport activities and the German fighter said that "I approve of the German sport program."

We again called to his attention that there was an attempt in some quarters to question his fighting a Negro, but Schmeling replied that it made no difference to him whether he fought a Negro or white man and added that his fight with Louis was not the first time he had fought a Negro. "I draw no color line in sports," he said.

As far as the fight itself was concerned, Schmeling was rather non-committal. He told us that he had no definite plan of battle, no set idea on how to beat Louis. "When I get into the ring," he said, "I will meet each situation as it comes up."

Joe Louis seemed pleased to see a representative of the CHAMPION. The young Detroit Bomber, who celebrated his twenty-second birthday on May 13, was lounging around the comfortable quarters at Lafayetteville, N. Y., joking with Jack Roxborough, his manager, and Jack Blackburn, his trainer, when we walked in.

In answer to our inquiry, Louis seemed confident that he would encounter little trouble from Schmeling on June 18. Jack Blackburn sidled over. "Right now," he said, "Louis is the uncrowned champ of the world. Why, just look at his record—twenty-seven fights, twenty-three K. O.'s and and four decisions. And there wasn't a setup in the whole list," he added.

We spoke about ring qualities in general and what it takes to make a good fighter. Louis said that "heart and head" were the main factors. When we walked out of the room for a minute we asked Blackburn to what extent Louis had these qualities. He replied "100 per cent on both counts. Joe may not know much about ancient history, but when he gets inside those ropes, he makes no mistakes. He shows a brand of ring generalship which rates with the best of them. He's a combination fighter, boxer and a slugger. In my day, I've seen all the great battlers and I don't think any one of them measures up to Joe. That goes for white as well as Negro. I think he's the greatest fighter that ever put on a glove."

See The Record

We mentioned the fact that some experts doubted Joe Louis' ability to take punishment. We showed him the clipping which questioned the courage of the Negro race. Blackburn was silent for a moment, but his answer was fast, and to the point. "Look at the man's record," he said "In his first amateur fight Joe was knocked down seven times in two rounds. He came back in the third to win the fight.

"He took everything Max Baer had. After the bell rang ending the second round, Baer hit Louis flush on the jaw twice, and Joe took it standing up. In twenty-seven fights he's never been off his feet. Would you say that a man can't take it because his defense is good enough to keep him off the floor?"

Blackburn busied himself about the open fireplace. Roxborough was at his desk answering the mail. Louis returned to the room and parked himself right beside us.

"What would you consider your best stock in trade, Joe—your ace in the hole, your bigget asset, once you step in the ring?" we asked.

Louis stopped chewing his gum, shuffled his feet, scratched his head, and broke out into a roar of laughter. "I reckon all I want is a good right hand bounced off'n his chin," he said.

When queried on the Scottsboro boys and the Herndon case, Louis started to answer, but his manager interposed. Lowering his voice, Roxborough drew this reporter aside and said: "Don't think Joe isn's intelligent. He feels those things keenly. But he's a prize fighter right now. He's got to think of the nation as a whole; and he can't afford to alienate anybody.

Manager Interrupts

"Until now, everything has been all right. Joe has won all his fights so cleanly and decisively, no one has been able to discriminate against him because he is a Negro. The man who beats Schmeling and Braddock will be the greatest fighter the world has ever known. He will have defeated four ex-champions, including Max Baer and Primo Carnera.

"We're sure there isn't a man in the world who can trade punches with Louis. All Joe needs is a chance, and we're here to see that he gets it."

This reporter left Lafayettville with a profound respect for Joe Louis, the man. Unassuming, intelligent, sociable, Louis is far from the "deadpan" the metropolitan newspapers make him out to be. He is a man who stands ace-high in his chosen profession. And when he climbs through the ropes the night of June 18 he will do so with more confidence than ever before. It has been a hard road. But true sportsmen in the country are rooting for him.

The "Y" SPEAKS

An account of the proceedings of the Young Women's Christian Association Convention

By JANE BUCHANAN

FANNING myself with the Convention Program, I settled into a chair beside 1,400 other delegates, women from sixteen to sixty, and opened my Daily Bulletin. A slightly startling article caught my eye—"The Cat Comes Back!"

"I have come," remarked a purring voice, "to assist you with the Daily Bulletin. Where is my desk?"

There stood the press pussy.

"Good Heavens!" I gasped, "I thought you were dead."

"A lot of things people thought were dead turn up at a convention," said the Pussy. "I am an unofficial but by no means defunct dele-cat come in answer to an overwhelming demand from my public. . . ."

"Gimme a piece of paper, I want to greet the delegates." And she greeted them thus:

"As a delegate to the 14th National Convention of the Young Women's Christian Association, you will find yourself in the midst of exciting experiences. If you don't find yourself, inquire at the Information Desk and they'll direct you to the proper excitement. If it is too exciting, just keep calm. Maybe it's just the altitude.

All Walks of Life

"We shall be people from all kinds of backgrounds—students, business and industrial girls, household employes, farm women, home women—and just plain tourists. But we shall all have new permanent waves and more new clothes than we can afford.

"We shall be young and old, but we'll all look old before we're through with this thing.

"It will not be a convention where all our problems are solved. Nor will there be a complete unanimity of opinion. But at least we can agree on this: the scenery is swell, the people grand, the weather elegant, and it's a lot more fun than going home! . . ."

I pass this excerpt on, because under the bantering tone, it gives a rather accurate picture of the convention which the president's gavel was calling to order. The Association in 1885 had counted roughly 9,000 members; this year's assemblage heard the President of the National Board report: "We have a constituency of two million!" Among the younger delegates representing important sections of this constituency were three mayor groups—industrial girls, business and professional women, and students.

Grey haired Board members, from local Y's, formed a substantial portion of the delegates, and the convention was completed with large numbers of secretaries, the "professional leadership" of the Association.

One white haired lady to whom I spoke had lived all through some of the earlier days of the Association, the late '80s and '90s. "In those days, we were a kind-hearted, philanthropic group of women that wanted to help individual girls who were working. "Just look at us now," she waved her arm toward the great convention hall, "A huge organization dealing not only with individual problems, but with great social questions that affect the lives of millions of women."

Delegates seemed to agree generally that this was a crucial convention for the future history of the Association. Numerous new socially significant issues had emerged from the urgent experiences and needs of the girls—the Youth Congress, the American Youth Act, trade unionism, race discrimination—on which the convention would take action.

"Why is this convention a critical one? . . . I predict that you will be able to boil all. . . points down to one. This particular convention is a crisis point in the history of the organization, for it will determine whether or not we shall in our future work recognize the problems of modern youth—all of them—and unflinchingly build a program to help in meeting those problems. No, this is not enough. There is one additional point. Shall we "build this future program with young people a central part of all decisions and politics?" wrote Rhoda McCulloch, energetic editor of the *Women's Press,* Y. W. C. A. monthly magazine, a few weeks before the convention.

In the case of the Youth Congress they read everything available. Local groups had experimented with affiliation. Special reports were presented. Each assembly spent a third of its ses-

(Continued on Page 21)

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THE "Y" SPEAKS

(Continued from page 20)

sions discussing the Congress; then came the vote.

The Business and Professional Women voted to affiliate by roughly 120 to 60. They also affiliated to Christian Youth Building a New World, a large Christian youth movement with aims similar to those of the Youth Congress.

The Industrial Girls, whose assembly, although smaller in numbers, was just as widely representative as any group in the convention, voted 38 to 8 for affiliation, because the aims of the Congress as expressed in the Declaration of Rights were in accord with its own point of view.

Then came the report of these two groups to the entire convention—the report for which the chairman was calling. The vast majority of convention delegates proper were older women; it was apparent that they were not yet ready to take such a step themselves. But the question in everyone's mind was, "Can the girls themselves, in their independent Assemblies, take such action?"

The answer was very clear; it was not a question of the convention approving their action. The report was simply accepted—thereby setting a precedent for independent action by the girls assemblies in such matters. Frankly, however, there was a genuine spirit of approbation in the air. Even the rather conservative National Board President pointed out, "We might have been a group of old ladies trying to find some way of attracting youth..."

Trade Unions

On the heels of this discussion came another question, much discussed in the corridors of the convention and, I suspect, in countless restaurants and bedrooms. "What is our relation to the trade union movement?" Two years ago the Convention had voted to encourage and aid a "vigorous and responsible labor movement." The reverberation of this step had shaken a number of local groups severely when they returned to their respective cities and towns. Unaccustomed attacks by conservative groups had thundered about their ears. Everyone was wondering, "Will it go through again this time?"

That question was answered, I think, before the convention opened. It was answered by the lives and needs of the girls themselves; it was even answered by the attitude Y secretaries themselves took.

A few days before the Convention proper was called to order the National Association of Employed Officers (the paid secretaries of the Y. W. C. A.) held what both conservatives and liberals said was "the most thrilling convention we have ever attended." It was devoted almost exclusively to the trade union question. Countless secretaries insisted that in order to understand the problems our girls face, they had to join unions. A proposal was made for immediate affiliation of the entire N. A. E. O., an almost fantastic suggestion if one remembers the attitude of these same secretaries two years ago. This proposal lost, 63 to 120 approximately. But the women voted to place the question on the next convention agenda, and in the meantime to study the problem. Local groups and individuals were urged to experiment with unions.

The progressive tone of these decisions was carried throughout the Association convention. It unanimously voted "To give aid and encouragement to the industrial, white collar, and household workers in the Y. W. C. A. who are making efforts to build a vigorous and responsible labor movement."

Organization along what are virtually class lines was not confined to these girls, however. A secretary remarked that at the convention a group of "insurgent farm women" were present for the first time. The Association has been expanding in rural areas in the last two years, coming in intimate contact with whole families impoverished by the drought, and by the economic crisis. Now it voted "To give consideration to the economic and social problems of the farm and rural population, farmers, sharecroppers, tenant farmers, and agricultural laborers, and to encourage and aid our rural Y. W. C. A. members to take an active part in the development of farm movements for collective action to raise the standard of living."

The 1936 Y. W. C. A. convention is now history; but its decisions and implications will be helping to make history in the next few years. Two million girls, organized along progressive lines, free to pioneer, can have tremendous influence upon the whole body of American women. The Y. W. C. A. has faced and met a double challenge: what would its relation to existing social forces be? and second, how would it regard its own members? Would it be an organization *of*, rather than *for* young women? In my opinion, the Y. W. C. A. can be proud of its reply.

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"M" MEANS MURDER

(Continued from page 3)

4,000,000 men: "sufficient man power," writes the General, "to meet the mobilization plan for *the first twelve months.*" The italics, which are mine, serve to bring out the fact that the United States War Department, as represented by the Army's highest ranking officer, definitely contemplates a war on such a hugh scale, and of so long duration, that a mere 4,000,000 *soldiers* (that is not counting the non-combatant services) can keep our end up for only one year.

Actually, the Draft Bill, in its present form (it will be shoved through both Houses of Congress at the earliest possible moment, in order to confront all anti-war forces with a very sinister accomplished fact) contains the following chief provisions.

1. Compulsory registration for war service extends to every male in the country between the ages of 18 and 45. The Draft therefore includes, *from the beginning,* age-groups three years younger and fifteen years older, than was the case during the last War.

2. All of the above registrants are subject to *military* duty. It is specifically stated that there are to be *no exemptions* whatever; only "deferments" allowed by the individual's Local Board authorities "for industrial and humanitarian reasons only." What this provision will mean in practice has been well summarized by that super-patriot, Mr. Bernard M. Baruch, in his testimony before the War Policies Commission:

"Every man not in military service—whatever may be his domestic or other circumstance warranting deferment or exemption—must be usefully and faithfully employed in an occupation essential to the military purposes of the nation. [The government] can say that if a man be called and found unfit for military service but fit for other work on the essential lists, he must so employ himself OR BE CUT OFF FROM RATIONS, TRANSPORTATION, FUEL AND SUPPLIES." (Emphasis mine—H. W.)

3. An elaborate machinery under direct War Department control, providing for the immediate *military* suppression of all economic disorders (strikes, demonstrations, etc.) expressing a popular discontent with the war.

"M-Day" is the day when the young men and women of the country first and foremost and all the time will be sacrificed to the Moloch of War.

Fantastic? By any standards of ordinary human—and humane—conduct, undoubtedly. But make no mistake about it: these plans for "M-Day" not only exist on paper, drawn up in the most minute detail and in consideration of thousands of exactly determined requirements: they are ready to go into full action between the sunset of one day and the dawn of the next. Such, at least, is the rigid determination of the government ("your government, and "mine"): which, in order to facilitate a "popular" acceptance of its next war—effort—against, as yet, "no particular enemy"—has set up an Administration of Public Relations among whose carefully charted duties will be:

1. To mobilize all existing mediums of publicity.

2. To "coordinate" (just as the Nazis put it) all publicity programs of government agencies to ensure "the best interests of the common effort"—meaning, of course, the complete loss of all personal liberty in the furtherance of a war which will probably end up as part of a concerted attack against the one country which has never wavered in its pursuit of peace: the Soviet Union.

3 To act as a general information and espionage service.

4. To combat disaffection at home.

5. To combat enemy propaganda at home AND ABROAD. Note that "and abroad." On the "official" assumption that the United States will never engage in anything but a "defensive" war, the qualification makes no sense at all.

6. To establish the rules and procedures of a rigorous censorship.

"M-Day" is a long way off—officially. And, like the horizon, it may never come any closer. But, for that to happen—or, rather, that "M-Day" may never go over the wires from G.H.Q.—it is absolutely necessary for the millions who will come under its brutal regulations to realize, very clearly: first, that the "plans" are there and that they are backed by all the power and force of one of the strongest imperialist countries in the world; and second, that these plans will crumble like a house of cards before the mighty breath of organized mass resistance to *every* act of the government directed against labor, against youth, against civil liberties and democratic rights.

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The president of the Jackfin Clothing Co. showed the investigator not only the topcoats ready for sale but also bolts of woolens bearing the stamp of the Board of Trade of Great Britain to guarantee the genuineness of the Harris Tweeds. In addition, the investigator was shown that the company was not selling its clothing at a loss, but was even making a small profit. It was pointed out these exceptional values could be sold at $21.75 because of the store's location, low rental, small operating expenses, and the fact that all merchandise is sold on one profit policy only. Upon proof of the truth of the company's representations, the investigator admitted that the topcoats offered by Jackfin were in his opinion exceptional value at $21.75.

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You like to study chemistry? Photography is your hobby? Join the chemistry circle or the photography circle in one of our branches.

Let the IWO serve your cultural and educational needs.

In Action

We endorse and join in the campaign to obtain jobs for the youth as exemplified in the American Youth Act. We are affiliated to the American Youth Congress and carry on its campaigns because it expresses the desire of our membership—for PEACE, FREEDOM and PROGRESS!

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PITTSBURGH OFFICE: 611 Penn Ave., Room 704, Pittsburgh, Pa.
BOSTON OFFICE: 5a Harrison Ave., Boston, Mass.
PHILADELPHIA OFFICE: 629 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.
DETROIT OFFICE: 1750 Collingwood Ave., Detroit, Mich.

BENEFITS

87c per month will pay
$250 life insurance
$4 sick benefit weekly
Medical care for larger children
Average local dues in branches
Yearly sub. to CHAMPION OF YOUTH
30 weeks TB benefit at $20 per week
Accident and disability benefits

Total

Petition for the Youth Section are nothing less as low as $.01 a month. For more information

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Dramatics . . . .

Theatre—Dramatics—! What allure these words have. The chance to express oneself—the opportunity to be a "Duse."

Who has not at one time or another felt this great urge to let oneself go—to be for a while another person.

The Youth Section gives you this opportunity. All our branches have within their reach the possibilities of building dramatic groups. Many of our branches already have such functioning groups — constantly performing and working.

The Youth Section is affiliated to

the New Theatre League—the exponent of proletarian and drama. From it the Youth Section receives guidance and special privileges as an affiliated group.

Each year the New York City Youth Committee sponsors a Dramatic Contest at which the various New York branches and other organizations compete for a valuable prize and to determine how far each group has progressed during the year. The last contest was won by the New Youth Theatre, a city wide group affiliated to the Youth Section, which is doing

splendid dramatic work, both in production and experimentation.

It is possible for you to form and join such a group in your city.

Give way to that desire to emote with the drama groups of the Youth Section!

PROPOSAL CARD

I would like to get more information about the Youth Section of the International Workers Order.

Name ..... Age .....

City ..... State .....

(If any district office)

Send to

International Workers Order

80 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

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